

ONCE A WEEK

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PRINCE BISMARCK, IN HIS EIGHTIETH YEAR.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1895.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES

Is it not high time to straighten out the relations of the United States with foreign Powers; or at least to find out what those relations are and whether they are leading?

A BARE statement of recent international happenings is enough to give the intelligent citizen a thoughtful pause. I propose to omit, for the present, our apparent mistake in having had anything to do with the Chinese-Japanese peace negotiations, wherein Chinese peace commissioners, including our ex-Sec'y of State, John W. Foster, were sent home by Japan on the ground that they had not power to treat for peace at all, and with a somewhat broad intimation from the Mikado that the journey of the Chinese-American combination from Peking to Tokio was a bunco proceeding to gain time for Chinese war preparations. I mention this tangle, in its full present aspect, because it is of a piece with the half-diplomacy that seems to be growing into a regular American institution.

It is a remarkable coincidence that three unpleasant, not to say dangerous, episodes have followed one another within the last few months, affecting our relations with Spain. In the President's last message, Spain was conspicuous as the only nation against whom a bitter word was said. A few months later the Cuban revolutionists began to plot and conspire until Spain concluded to send an army there. And, finally, the American mail steamer "Alliance" was fired upon by a Spanish gunboat off the coast of Cuba.

I AM afraid these three events are not unconnected.

For the alleged firing upon the "Alliance" Spain will probably make reparation in the halting Spanish manner. Spain, however, is of such little consequence in the southern half of this hemisphere, compared with other nations, that we cannot call the latest move against her a diplomatic triumph worth mentioning. "There are others."

The blunders of one kind and another that have given France, Germany, Belgium and other European countries an excuse to shut out certain American commodities will serve as a further illustration of legislative patchwork, and half-legislation at home, to match our half-diplomacy abroad. A careful study of both the foreign and the domestic in our national affairs will probably throw light upon American failures in our dealing with the independent Governments of the great and interesting region to the south of us. I am afraid American statesmen entertain too many international day-dreams; that they measure the European and South American corn of unholy ambition and aggressiveness with the American bushel of rigid and seraphic justice to all nations.

ONE of these day-dreams is mediation, a favorite weapon of our angelic statesmanship to combat the wicked schemes of other countries against one another. The peacemaker is blessed; but in an unworldly sense. For, even in American real life, where we find one professional peacemaker loved and revered and handed down to posterity with an unbroken cutis by the whole neighborhood, we find ten with their heads tied up for their pains. I hope this may not prove the case with reference to President Cleveland's decision in the recent dispute between Brazil and Argentina. A valuable tract of land, the "Missions," was a boundary dispute between these two Republics; but now, by grace of our President, it is Brazilian territory: Brazil is celebrating, and Argentina is blessing Grover Cleveland and the rest of us with the left hand.

It is enough to say, that if this country becomes a professional peacemaker down there, at least half of the great Southern Continent will be against us, while the other half will decide that—as usual—we have only done half the square thing by them.

In this way, the American Union will lose influence in South American affairs. What we sadly need is a vigorous policy to check European influence and enable our Southern neighbors to throw off the power of European intrigue and European meddling in South American internal affairs. The case of Venezuela is a flagrant instance of what these struggling independent States have to contend against. The foreign Ministers recently sent home by President Crespo had gone so far as to advise their home Governments that they, the foreign Governments, ought to establish judicial tribunals in Venezuela similar to those in such pagan countries as China and Japan.

England has been nagging, and now is menacing, Nicaragua, claiming "smart" money and endeavoring to establish the rule of Jamaica negroes in the Mosquito Reservation. Germany and Italy, by means of colonizing and shady commercial transactions, have been assisting the rebels of Brazil. Chili, Peru, Colombia and Argentina have been similarly outraged—with a careful avoidance of a technical breach of treaty or international law—by Spain, Portugal, Holland and the greater European Powers.

THE signs of a national uprising against all interference of European powers on this side of the Atlantic are unmistakable. If Europe is wise, she will pay due attention to them. Whether Spain apologizes, in the most eloquent Castilian style, for the affront to the flag carried by the Alliance, or decides to allow a misunderstanding which would greatly endanger her hold on Cuba—the young giant of the West has awakened to a sense of his responsibilities and his opportunities. The patriotic and "expansionist" utterances of Senator Cullom, who believes that we ought to control not only Cuba, but all those islands which fringe our coast, and the territory along the route of the projected Nicaragua Canal—find echo in millions of American hearts.

As for poor old bejuggled, patched-up Spain, we cannot find it in our hearts to menace her. The Cuban revolt, and our sudden appearance on the scene, have already brought revolution to her doors. Press and Army are quarreling. Premier Sagasta has resigned, and Martinez Campos, as Governor of Madrid, is taking harsh measures. Barricades and pronunciamientos may come next. A country in such disorder will think twice before daring Uncle Sam to "come on." It is true that she has often stinned against us in the past, and that ex-Secretary Whitney, in his energetic cablegram about her conduct, did not say a word that was too harsh. But we need not bluster and vapor. Manifest destiny is with us, and in this particular case we also have the strongest battalions.

PATRIOTISM, bold, outspoken, even aggressive, like that which rings through the Whitney letter, is what we need just now. Encroaching England and the other commercial Powers anxious to keep the United States

and its trade out of South America will misunderstand us if we are over-cautious and conservative. They scoff at the scruples of a nation which wishes to wrong no one. But they will respect the reaffirmation of the Monroe Doctrine, with seventy millions of people and boundless resources to back it up.

ENGLAND needs a reminder such as Mr. Seward gave to France at the time of the Mexican business. And she is likely to get it. The Cabinet is awake to the needs of the hour. A tardy awakening, perhaps; but evidently thorough. Mr. Gresham has only himself to blame if there are many who wish that a man of Mr. Whitney's type had for some months past been in his place.

I UNDERSTAND that ex-Speaker Reed has declared against any meddling with the tariff by the Fifty-Fourth Congress, and that the majority of the new members are disposed to agree with him in this particular. They see that it would be unwise and unpatriotic to renew tariff agitation, subjecting the business world to the anguish of fresh suspense before it has succeeded in adjusting itself to new conditions. Their course is to be heartily commended. If business is to revive, it must not be tormented by uncertainties.

PROFESSOR MAX MULLER has just published an article on written language which will attract great attention. He gives it as his deliberate opinion that the existence of books, in our sense of the term, cannot be traced further back than six or seven hundred years B.C. The Babylonian cylinder or hieratic papyri—in use in the twenty-fourth century B.C.—were not, he says, books in the present accepted sense at all. Professor Darmesteter has already shown us that the Avesta, which was supposed to be of great antiquity, dates only from the beginning of the Christian era.

AT last there is an instrument to take the speed of mental and nervous action. It is known as a chronoscope. These machines are not new, but this perfected one is the first to fulfill the mission for which it was built.

MR. EDISON'S new kinetoscope, which has the phonograph combined with it, is now complete. By means of this it will be possible to reproduce an entire opera with all the action and music, by the use of a number of instruments working in succession.

I NOTICE that Sir Mackenzie Bowell, during the course of an after-dinner speech at Belleville, Ontario, said that he hoped that Newfoundland would not long be out side of the Canadian Confederation. He did not blame the United States for the approaches which it is understood they were making, but it would be unfortunate if these overtures were heeded. I should like Sir Mack to explain what he means by "approaches" from the United States. Who has made "approaches" from this side of the border? Surely Sir Mack cannot mean the United States Government, for as an enlightened man he must know that the United States Government has not authorized any one to make "approaches." In fact, this Government, Sir Mack, has never dreamed of such a thing.

It was hardly worth while for a Canadian Premier to use Uncle Sam in this queer way merely to arouse Canadian patriotism. If Canada wants Newfoundland, let her pay Newfoundland's debts and relieve Newfoundland's present distress. The United States is not hankering after Newfoundland. Still, if Newfoundland knocks hard for admission to the Republican family of United States, I am not going to say that the door will be slammed in her face.

SENATOR DARLING, chairman of the committee of Massachusetts legislators which has recently been sent to study the field for manufacturing there, says that there is no danger that the New England mills will move South. It will be very many years before Southern mills will be able to compete with Massachusetts in the production of finer fabrics.

A POWERFUL national organization of manufacturers, representing two million and a half workmen, has recently been completed in Philadelphia. Its purpose is to oppose by every means in its power the surrender of the home market to foreigners, under any pretext or guise whatsoever.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT'S new villa at Newport, which has cost three million dollars, is to be finished for occupancy in the coming summer, and a little army of men is at work upon it.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND will soon appoint a board to examine the plans for the Nicaragua Canal.

ADVANCES in wages are noticed in many places in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts. In the former State the advances will affect twenty to thirty thousand men.



ATTENTION has been called in the British Parliament to the fact that the English press gets a practical subsidy of one million and a half dollars annually from the Government, by the extraordinarily cheap rate at which the telegraph service is furnished to it. The newspaper owners defend the present system, and say that the deficiency in revenue in the Telegraph Department is due to the extravagant price which the State paid to private companies when it assumed control.

COMPULSORY arbitration is gaining many advocates, and the next Congress will doubtless find the final passage of the bill which has already passed the House earnestly demanded. At the recent hearing before the Assembly Committee engaged in investigating the causes and effects of the Brooklyn trolley car strike, Mr. John D. Crimmins of this city, well known as a large employer of labor and an owner of surface railroads, declared his belief in compulsory arbitration. He thinks that it would speedily be recognized as the best means for preventing the enormous waste and misery of such gigantic strikes as that which paralyzed Brooklyn.

I SUPPOSE there is little doubt that the men would have consented to arbitration in the trolley car strike, but the corporations mounted their high horses and insisted from the start that there was "nothing to arbitrate." A few corporations which need their combs cut very badly would be benefited by a little compulsory arbitration. But it is doubtful if it could ever accomplish one-half the good which could be done by co-operation.

THE discussion about the municipalizing of city railroads is waxing hot. There are many who believe in it; others who call it Socialism, with a big S, and therefore set it scornfully aside; yet others object to it as likely to lead to corruption. But is there any public service which could not be corrupted by rogues?

ALL the tactics usually employed to subdue "reformers" in England are now in use against Lord Rosebery. He feels himself isolated; the Lords—his peers—whose influence in political affairs he wishes to destroy, will have none of him. The Conservatives in the House of Commons ignore him; even in his own Cabinet there is a tendency to depreciate his rashness. All that can be done to force him to a resignation is done every day. Even the Queen, before she left for the South of France, exacted from him a promise that he would do nothing desperate in her absence.

YET if he sticks to his place, he will carry his point. He should have steered himself to dislike before he undertook a great national reform which is to tread upon the toes of all the Conservatives.

THE Emperor of China recently sent the Czar two enormous vases, valued at forty thousand dollars each, and a great variety of small roses and screens for the decoration of the Winter Palace, where young Nicholas is shortly to take up his abode.

THE presentment of the Oyer and Terminer Grand Jury of this city, made public March 18, severely censures Police Superintendent Byrnes, declares the existence of bribery and corruption in the department fully proved, and returns indictments against a large number of high police officials.

HENRI ROCHEFORT'S advice to Parisian journalists to stop dueling, and rely upon a stout cane for any punishment of insults, shows the result of his English training. Any French Judge would punish with great severity a man who knocked down another with a big stick, the theory of French law being that a brutal assault implies an attempt to kill; whereas a meeting on the turf means simply the fiction of a fight, without any intent whatever.

HENRY S. TAYLOR, the well-known manufacturer of barrel organs and street pianos, established in this city for the last thirty-five years, committed suicide March 19 by jumping from the roof of the building in Park Row in which his factory is situated. He had been suffering from malaria.

LI HUNG CHANG, accompanied by Hon. John W. Foster, has arrived in Japan. He left Tien-tsin vested with plenary powers to negotiate peace on the basis of the independence of Korea; a war indemnity; a cession of territory; and complete adjustment of the future relations between China and Japan.

GENERAL SUNG, China's Commander-in-Chief in Manchuria, was recently killed by a fall from his horse.

THE Federal Government has filed a claim of fifteen million dollars against the estate of the late Leland Stanford, to recover the estate's per ratio of taxes due the United States from the Central Pacific Railroad.

PUSSY is to hold high carnival in the Madison Square Garden in this city during the first week in May next, when the first National Cat Show will be held there. A thousand dollars will be distributed in prizes. Among the lady patronesses of the show are Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. W. Seward Webb, Mrs. Fred. Gebhard, and Mrs. Stanford White.

THE Cotton States and International Exposition to be opened in Atlanta, Ga., on September 18 next, is to be an imposing affair. It will close December 31, and will afford an excellent idea of the wonderful resources of the South.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND was fifty-eight years old March 18. He is in excellent health, and when he returned from his recent fishing trip said that "he never felt better in his life."

Is it not pardonable in ONCE A WEEK to call attention to the striking similarity between its own editorial utterances and the best thought and utterances of our most eminent public men?

AT the celebration of the Hibernian Society in Philadelphia, March 18, Secretary of the Navy Herbert spoke of the Civil War in these words: "Looking back over the period that has elapsed since the thirteen colonies won their independence, and looking forward as far as we may into the limitless future, the great Civil War, bloody and prolonged though it was, was nevertheless a single incident in the final make-up of our Government, one of the steps necessary to be taken before this country could be firmly put upon the mighty career for which it is destined among the nations of the earth."

IN speaking of the thirty-second anniversary of the firing upon Fort Sumter, ONCE A WEEK, in its issue of April 15, 1893, the first number of this journal under its present editorial management, used these words: "That was thirty-two years ago, now. It is one of the anniversaries we do not celebrate. But it is part of our history as a free people, and we must not let it pass. It had been in store for us, and the first mistake became an irrepressible conflict. We need not be ashamed of the Civil War. It was not ours to prevent; it was ours to do and to dare and pass through."

So let it remain. As Secretary Herbert declares in the same classic address which was in reply to the toast "United States": "There are no natural barriers separating the North from the South. . . . There is nothing left to be hoped for, or intelligently wished for, but Union and confraternity."

ENGLAND'S ultimatum to Nicaragua demanding reparation (and a cash consideration) for the expulsion from Bluefields of Mr. Hatch, the British Consular Agent, will open the eyes of those Americans who fancy that there is no danger of complications in the territory through which the Inter-oceanic Canal is to pass. Of course we cannot interfere with Mr. Bull's demand for "smart money"; but any attempt at violence, or at a definite establishment of British forces in the territory, will be properly and speedily resented by this country.

THE missing Spanish ship, the "Reina Regente," was found, March 19, by the cruiser "Alfonso XIII." submerged near the Straits of Gibraltar, at Couil. Only about eighteen inches of her masts are visible above the water's surface. She is supposed to have gone down in one of the terrible storms which swept the Mediterranean between March 10 and 12. It is not known as yet whether any members of her crew of four hundred and twenty men were saved.

A TERRIBLE explosion in Rocky Mountain Coal Mine No. 5, at Red Canyon, Wyoming, on the 20th inst., is believed to have killed eighty miners.

THERE is danger of another incident with Italy over the recent lynchings of Italian criminals in Colorado. The Italian Ambassador is satisfied that the Colorado authorities did their best to protect the Italians from lawless violence.

THE school children in California are commemorating the anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's death by planting "Lincoln trees."

THE trustees of the Astor Library now having adopted the plan of consolidation with the other libraries, New York City will have a public library worthy the name. The question of site has not yet been settled. The combined money value of the three institutions will be about eight million dollars.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ADAM BADEAU, who was military secretary to General Grant during the Civil War, who was wounded while leading an assault at Fort Hudson, and who had held several consular and diplomatic appointments, died suddenly from apoplexy at Ridgewood, N. J., March 19. He wrote a "History of U. S. Grant," and "Grant in Peace," two books widely read when they first appeared.

THE dancing of Loie Fuller in the tragic ballet called "Salome," in the preparation of which Mr. Charles Henry Meltzer, the well-known dramatic critic of this city, collaborated with Armand Silvestre, the French poet-dramatist, and Gabriel Perne, the musician, is the sensation of Paris just now. The pantomime is the chief attraction at the pretty theatre of the Comedie-Parisienne.

THE engagement of the Princess Helene d'Orleans, daughter of the late Count of Paris, to the Duke of Aosta, nephew of King Humbert of Italy, has created much excitement among Royalists. But the House of Savoy can do nothing to help the Orleans cause. It has all that it can do to take care of itself.

MR. JOSEPH H. CHOATE'S argument on the income tax cases before the United States Supreme Court was an impressive effort. Mr. Choate said in closing: "I do not believe any member of this Court has ever sat or ever will sit to hear and decide a case the consequences of which will be so far-reaching as the present one."

THE story that the young Queen of Holland is to marry Prince Frederick of Prussia, eldest son of Prince Albert, is said to be confirmed. The Prince is a cousin of the present German Emperor.

THE Duchess of Leinster, the famous beauty and leader of London society, died at Mentone, March 19. She had the reputation of being the most beautiful woman in the United Kingdom. Her little son, Maurice, eight years of age, is Duke of Leinster. The late Duchess was a warm personal friend of the Princess of Wales.

OWING to the breaking of some of the electrotype plates just before going to press the promised instalment of Comic Journalism has to be deferred until next week.

THE new Cup defender, now building by the Herreshoffs at Bristol, will have all the characteristics of a fine keel boat. She will carry about twelve thousand three hundred feet of sail, the largest quantity ever put on an American racing boat.

MR. ARTHUR ARNOLD, the new chairman of the London County Council, is an "advanced Radical," which is the English way of saying that he is an out-and-out Democrat, disbelieving in Royalty and all its devices.

THE General Term in this city has reversed Erastus Wiman's conviction for forgery. Mr. Wiman expresses his confidence that if the case is appealed it will end in the same way.

THE engagement of Miss Julia Stevenson, daughter of the Vice-President, to Martin D. Hardin, son of Hon. Walt. P. Hardin, candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor of Kentucky, is announced.

THE dreadful spectacle of little children in the chain gangs of convicts in Georgia is a blot upon American civilization. There is no room for such abuses in a Christian State. The good people of the South ought to do away with chain gangs altogether. And to load children with chains is monstrous.

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND boot and shoemakers in England are thrown out of employment by a lock-out which began March 16. The introduction of improved American machinery into the shops is said to have precipitated the difficulty.

IT is reported that Secretary Gresham has asked the Hawaiian Government to recall Minister Thurston, who is at present persona non grata at the State Department. Mr. Thurston has been one of the most aggressive workers against the Administration's policy in Hawaii, and has been very outspoken in his criticisms.

SEÑOR MURUGA, the Spanish Minister, is also too fond of free public comment on State affairs, and it is probable that he may receive a caution, if not his passports, even if our difficulties with Spain do not become more grave.



PHILADELPHIA'S NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDING.

THE exterior dimensions of this immense pile, now nearing completion, are 486 feet upon the east and west fronts, and 470 feet on the north and south. From each direction a massive portal opens on a large central courtyard. The material used is white marble from the quarries at Lee, Mass. The edifice contains 750 rooms for use by the public departments of the city and county. The embellishment of the facades, hallways, stairs and principal apartments in marble and bronze sculpture is extremely rich. On the north front are heroic figures of a Norseman and a Puritan, and an allegorical statue representing the "Progress of Civilization." Other figures typify Victory, Fame, Education, Science, Poetry, Art, Botany, Navigation, Architecture and Mechanics. The east or "Mayor's front" is decorated with Oriental types, and statues expressive of Peace, Industry, Mining, Engineering and The Morning Light.

The south front, from which entrance to the Courts of Justice is obtained, has numerous statues of South Sea Islanders, tigers, reptilia, and figures of Justice, Execution, Truth, Water, etc. In the vicinity of the criminal department on the western front are bas reliefs and statuettes of Charity, Sympathy, Repentance, Meditation, Sorrow and Pain. This side of the edifice faces the great terminal station of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

The most notable feature of the structure is its vast tower, which, rising from a base 90 feet square, is crowned by a bronze figure of William Penn whose broad Quaker hat is 547 feet above the pavement. The marble portion of the tower, rising 337 feet, is capped by a metallic dome which will be, when completed, entirely covered with aluminum, presenting the effect of matted silver.

The four dials of the great clock will have a diameter of 23 feet, and, illuminated by electricity, will be visible from all parts of the city. Elevators carry visitors to the highest outlooks of the tower. The bronze statue of William Penn, the work of Philadelphians, is 37 feet high and weighs 52,400 pounds. It has just been placed in position.

This splendid tower is the highest permanent structure in the world with the single exception of the Washington monument, which exceeds it but eight feet. It is 67 feet higher than the Great Pyramid and 99 feet higher than St. Peter's in Rome. The Municipal Building stands in the square at the intersection of Broad and Market Streets; the corner-stone was laid July 4, 1874, and up to date \$16,000,000 have been expended on the structure.

THE PASSING SHOW.

"NEW" women—have we tired of them? "New" drama—have we had our surfeit of it yet? To judge from the persistency with which the playwrights stick to the "new" field, the answer to both questions should be "No."

At no time in the theatrical annals of the century has more attention been bestowed than now upon the woes and whims of women. As though to make amends for the severity which has, till latterly, been thought not inconsistent with our Christian charity, the dramatists of England, more particularly, have run amuck among the proprieties, hacking at conventions, when they pressed too heavily upon the Magdalens, and mocking at old ideals of society.

And, as society has borne with them, they have found profit in their "new" and strange crusade. Nor is it sure that we are very much less moral for approving of their "new" plays than we were some years ago,

when we regarded "The Old Homestead" with delight and swore by "Ingomar."

Moreover, it is clear that art has gained by the untying of its bonds. The stories that are told upon the stage to-day are vastly truer and more human, and, if only for that reason, much more moral, than the fables which amused our simpler fathers.

Max Nordau may revile them as he will, but it is

I have named. The credit for all that, however, is not Mr. Jones's. It belongs to M. Dumas, who invented the fine comedy called "Francillon." In "Francillon," on which "Rebellious Susan" has been founded, the French playwright long ago proclaimed the fashionable dogma of the co-temporary English stage. He exposed the rank injustice which condones man's infidelity and which condemns, in the same breath, the lightest lapse of man's companion and co-equal.

No less than two-and-forty years before last week's production of "John-A-Dreams" at the London Haymarket, this same M. Dumas startled the Parisians with "La Dame aux Camélias"—which we know as "Camille." What lesson has been taught in "John-A-Dreams" by Mr. Chambers which had not been taught already in "Camille" by the French dramatist? The heroine in each case is a fallen, charming woman; very "dusty at the hem," as Paula Tanqueray would say; but very lovable and, we will hope, grown penitent. The talent of the authors has been bent in both the plays to the attempt to preach the gospel of forgiveness. But we may find it somewhat easier to excuse the wayward course of poor Camille, who sins and dies for love, than to be tender with the younger playwright's heroine, Kate Cloud. For Kate's conversion has not come with tears. Nor does Kate die in the last act. She wins her sweetheart and obtains his father's blessing. Besides, there is a screw loose in Kate's morals. Repentant she may be, and sad at heart when she reflects upon her "past." Yet she might, surely, have proven her love for Harold and her own humility without refusing to wed Harold when he woos her, and then urging him to fly with her, to make her—not his wife. What shocks one in her conduct most, perhaps, is her absurdity. If her lover can forgive, and if his father can condone, what does it matter whether all the world should blame her for accepting Harold's hand? And then, you see, she is not even firm. For in the last scene she abandons all her theories, and floats away, aboard a moonlit yacht, betrothed and blessed.

So we have wasted our emotion on a shade. We have been harrowed through four acts to no clear end. I fear that "John-A-Dreams," for all its show of "strength," is little better than a sham, a vain pretense. Nor is there much in the interpretation of the characters of Kate and Harold by Miss Viola Allen and Mr. Henry Miller to hide the author's insincerity. It is as wholly artificial, at most moments, as the play itself. For any honesty that may redeem the acting of this "new" and curious work, we must look, not to the two leading people in the company, but to that excellent portrayer of character, Mr. J. E. Dodson, to Miss Elsie de Wolfe and to Mr. Robert Edeson.

It is excessively amusing to hear Mme. Rejane talked of in New York as if she, too, were a "new" woman. For over twenty years this charming and most finished of French actresses has been a spoiled child of the Boulevards. The sneers and praise which have been aimed at her since her arrival in this country have been almost equally ridiculous. You might have fancied, from the way in which the critics spoke of her Riquette in "Ma Cousine" last week, that her ability was only just found out. As if Rejane, although till yesterday unknown to most of us, was not a household word to the Parisians.

The comedy of Meilhac gave her just the very chances that she needed to reveal her brightest, wittiest qualities. She played the part of the obliging actress who restores the errant husband to his wife's fond arms as only she of living artists could have played it. Her success was absolute. Some day, no doubt, we shall be told that we discovered the genius of Sarah Bernhardt (who was hailed as a great artist when some of our critics were in their nurseries); and of Duse (who was a reigning favorite of the stage in Rome as far back as the early eighties); or of Mounet-Sully (whom we flouted when he came here eighteen months ago); or of Rosa Sucher (whom some of us admired last week as Brunhilde and Isolde, at the Metropolitan).

And this reminds me that, while—from the mere financial point of view—the brave attempt of Mr. Damrosch to revive Wagnerian opera in New York has been successful, in an artistic way it has not been so fortunate. The disciples of the Master had had four long years in which to cool their zeal for what was once derided as the "Zukunftsmusik"—four years in which they had been privileged to hear the greatest singers of our day, among them Melba, Jean de Reszké, Eames,



THE GREAT TOWER.

largely to such men as Ibsen, Wagner, Tolstoi, Hauptmann and their followers that we may render thanks for the unprecedented broadening of the views and schemes of life which is apparent in the cities of the earth. Abuses are, of course, to be expected in the train of all new movements. We may regret, but we are powerless to stop, them.

Before pronouncing them all mad, as Nordau does, it might be well for us to ask ourselves what art and thought and drama would have been to-day without these Ibsens, Wagners, Tolstois and the rest. We should be still adoring "Lucia" and "Sonnambula"; still proclaiming Dion Boucicault a god; still sitting at the feet of Swin and Talmage; still believing in the books of E. P. Roe.

But we have learned a thing or two since we were young. We know that there are loftier bards than Tupper; greater dramatists than Bronson Howard, and nobler music than Bellini's. Did not Harlem crowd to "Francillon" a month ago? Is "Pagliacci" not popular alike at the Academy, in Philadelphia, and at the Auditorium, in Chicago? If San Francisco has rejected "Mrs. Tanqueray," New York is more sensible and tolerant.

The tendency of all things on the stage just now is in the direction of liberalism; and this is largely due to the example of a few determined minds, whom Max Nordau brands as faddists, cranks and maniacs. How very real their hold upon our stage has been for two years past we may perceive if we will glance back at the programmes of that period. Within two years we have acquired a taste for boldness, truth and strength. The day is near, maybe, when we shall like such plays as "Margaret Fleming." We have already reached a point at which we scoff at pretty stuff like "Esmeralda."

The chief and plainest fault that I can see in some of the most recent efforts of the English-writing dramatists, indeed, is not their boldness, but their want of boldness. Such plays as "The New Woman" (which was tried at Palmer's); "The Masqueraders" (which for some months held the bills at the Empire); "Sowing the Wind" (one of the successes of '94); and Mr. Haddon Chambers's "John-A-Dreams," which was performed the other night by the always painstaking and occasionally admirable comedians of the unwearied Mr. Charles Frohman, make, I know, a show of great audacity. They play with fire. They tremble on the verge of revolution. They fall far short of logic and consistency.

"The Case of Rebellious Susan," as originally written by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, went much further and was infinitely franker than any of the other plays that



STATUE OF WILLIAM PENN NOW ON TOWER.



MUNICIPAL BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA.—EASTERN ENTRANCE.

Lassalle, Maurel, Di Lucia, Tamagno, Calvé, and—last, but not least, despite the coldness of her greeting here—Sibyl Sanderson.

From the perfection of pure song and chastened acting with which most of these artists are identified, to the discordance and rude energy of the Teutonic school, the fall was lamentable. And Wagner suffered for the sins of his interpreters. CHARLES HENRY MELTZER.

M. MAURICE DE MAUNY-TALVANDE, whose recent lectures in Boston attracted flattering attention and won favorable comment, will repeat this course at Sherry's during the present month. These lectures will be of pertinent interest to New Yorkers, dealing as they do with the Royal Chateaux of France—those famous historical homes which have served as architectural models for many of our city's residences, notably the houses of W. K. and Cornelius Vanderbilt, Elbridge T. Gerry, John Jacob Astor and C. P. Huntington. M. de Mauny-Talvande is a finished and attractive speaker. Owing to his large family connection his relations with the old nobility of France have been most intimate. No one has had a better opportunity of studying the subject in question nor of treating it from a more personal standpoint. It is to the assistance of the present proprietors of the Chateaux that M. de Mauny-Talvande owes much of the authentic material of his lectures.

THE British Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Geoffrey Phipps Hornby, who died recently at Lordington House, near Chichester, was universally recognized as the highest English authority on naval tactics. He was commander-in-chief of the British squadron in the Mediterranean for many years.

ONE HUNDRED AND TEN millions of dollars have been expended by Spain in suppressing insurrectionary uprisings in Cuba in the last thirty-five years.

DR. DARWIN G. EATON, professor of natural sciences at Packer Institute, Brooklyn, died March 18. The deaths are also announced of ex-Congressman Amos Townsend of Ohio, in Florida, and of Henry Spencer Cram and Mrs. Otis Webster Randall, both of this city, at Cairo, Egypt, March 16.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY announces that there is no division in the Irish Nationalist party. All are pledged to secure Ireland's autonomy and to nothing else. These sentiments are confirmed by John Dillon, T. P. O'Connor and many others.



THE QUEEN REGENT AND THE YOUNG KING OF SPAIN.

A NEW will of Senator Fair of California, dated three days later than the document recently stolen, has been found.

NEARLY all the men indicted for murder in connection with the recent riots on the Levee in New Orleans are now in jail.

MR. EDWARD FOX, formerly a correspondent of the New York Herald, was drowned recently by the capsizing of a yacht in the Swan River, Western Australia. Mr. Fox was connected with one of the oldest noble families of Scotland, and was first cousin of the late Earl Cathness. He was noted for dash and enterprise as a newspaper correspondent, and was at the side of the late General Edward Canby when the latter was assassinated by a famous Modoc chief, known as Captain Jack, while holding a parley under a flag of truce in the Lava Beds or Bad Lands. Fox behaved with remarkable coolness under the circumstances, and earned for himself the nickname of "Modoc Fox." He will be recalled also by reason of a famous duel in which he was a principal a few years ago in Belgium. Joe Howard, in his spicy column in the Recorder, was right in correcting the Herald's notice of Mr. Fox's career, so far as Sitting Bull is concerned, but Joseph is at the same time wrong in explaining how Fox came to be sent to the Lava Beds. Mr. Flynn knew as little about the sending of Fox on the expedition as did Mr. Bennett until the Herald's beat was achieved. But this is the way history is sometimes made.

THE President has appointed William M. Springer of Illinois to be Judge of one of the United States Courts in the Indian Territory, and Constantine Buckley Kilgore of Texas to the Judgeship in the other.

AN armistice has been arranged between the Government and the insurgent troops in Peru, after three days of battle in which over a thousand persons were killed or wounded in the streets of Lima.

IT is announced that Admiral Meade's squadron will shortly proceed to Santiago, Cuba.

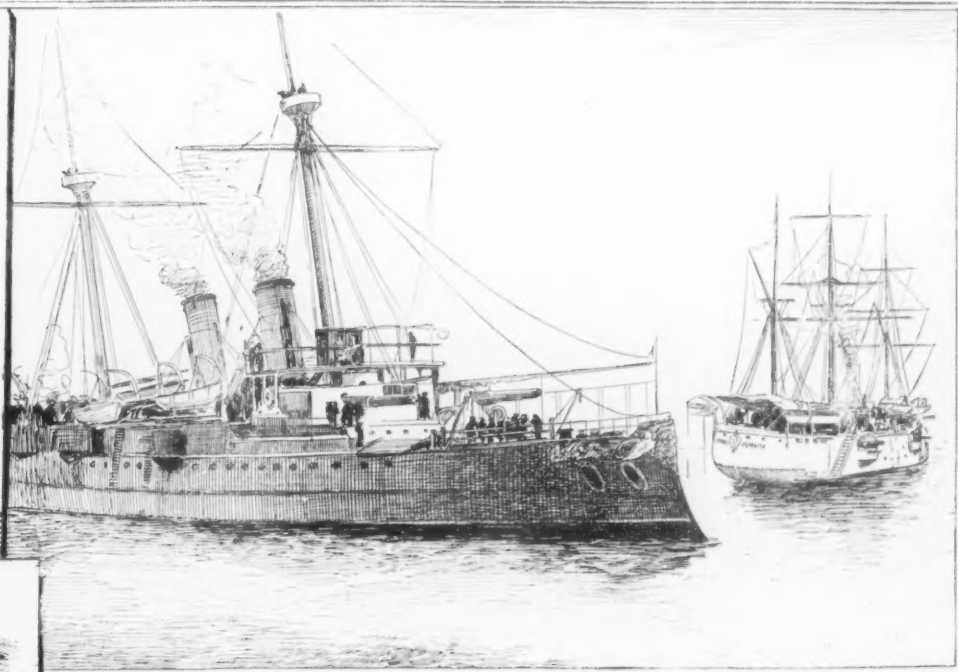
REAR-ADMIRAL MEADE'S bluejackets put out the fire which threatened to consume the entire business portion of Port of Spain, Trinidad, on March 4, and the Admiral received a letter of thanks from the Governor, Sir F. Napier Broome.

SPAIN'S great Republican leader, Senor Zorilla, who recently returned to his country after a long exile, is greatly broken down by his wife's death, and has retired from active politics. Recent events may, however, bring him upon the scene once more.

GENERAL BOOTH of the Salvation Army intends to send an industrial colony of ten thousand men to Canada.



GENERAL MARTINEZ CAMPOS

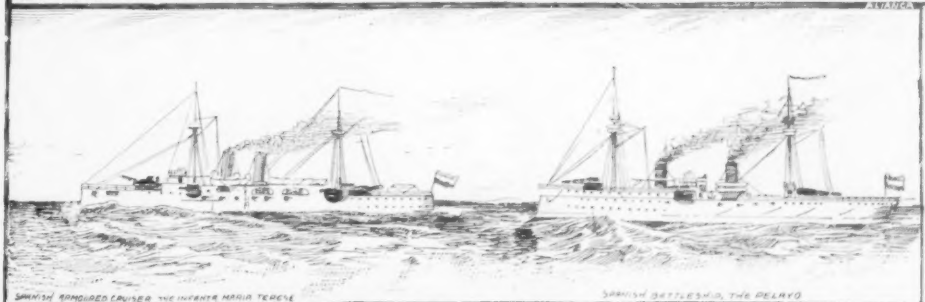


THE REINA REGENTA, RECENTLY WRECKED WITH LOSS OF OVER 400 LIVES.

SPANISH CRUISER, THE REINA REGENTA, RECENTLY WRECKED WITH LOSS OF OVER 400 LIVES.



THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES, MADRID



SPANISH BATTLESHIP, THE INFANTA MARIA TERESA

SPANISH BATTLESHIP, THE DELFINO

OUR THREATENED TROUBLE WITH SPAIN.

THE BEST MATCH IN TOWN.

A NOVEL,

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

*Author of "A New York Family," "An Ambitious Woman,"
"A Gentleman of Leisure," "The House at High Bridge,"
"The Red that Men Do," etc., etc.*

IV.

RECEPTIBILITY to pin-pricks can only make dagger-strokes the more painful. Gerard Spottiswoode went to his beautiful uptown home, that afternoon, and seated himself near one of its windows facing the Park. It was a corner house, many-chambered, furnished with that modern splendor which a few years ago would have seemed to us almost unachievable except by princes. A near relative had suddenly died, not long ago, and left it, thus proudly appointed, with its gallery of pictures, its well-stocked stables, its cabinets of famous china, all magnificently lumped and bundled, to Spottiswoode, who told himself that he didn't want it, and who almost yawned at the thought of leaving his delightful chambers near the Knickerbocker Club and moving into its luxurious yet lonely enormity.

Mrs. Dominick's words kept haunting him. Of course they were brutally unjust. They only showed how a kind heart could be warped and soured by the thwarting of a pet hope. She had been bent on his marrying Cornelia; he had seen as much through months past. Had he seen also that Cornelia loved him? At this point in his reflections he sighed. "Good God," he thought, feeling his flesh creep with a certain rebellious self-pity not new as an emotion, "how can any man, placed like myself, know whether a girl really loves him or not?"

Then he summoned, as it were, the astral body of Cornelia, and made it move through these stately halls and sumptuous rooms. Yes, she would surely be a most appropriate figure here, with her dark, haughty beauty and her gliding step. But Dorothea? Would not she shine here quite as effectually, with her blond, deer-like head and her more familiar yet equally elegant bearing? And this amazing declaration of Mrs. Dominick! If Dorothea had consented to marry him, not loving him, how on earth could the perturbed old lady have found that fact out? Was it through some information imparted by Cornelia?

"Hell hath no fury," came almost audibly from Spottiswoode's lips, as he sat with his chin propped by his hand, with his elbow buried deep in the tufted arm of a great easy-chair.

He did not finish the quotation; his vague murmur ceased; there seemed to him atrocity in its continuance.

How was Cornelia in any sense a woman scorned? True, he had been strongly charmed, of late, by both these girls. . . . Well, he had made his choice. If it had wrought dissension, heart-burning, malignity, so much the worse.

"I've thought it all over," he meditated, "and I'm not the man to have it thought all over for me by a partisan and aggrieved old lady. As for Dorothea's purity—Heavens!"

He rose, here, and began slowly to pace the floor of the charming, rich-tinted room. "What an aspersion!" his musings went on. "To say of her—of her, that she is a worn-out worldling!"

And yet the stab had told with him. There had yet been no talk about the time of the marriage. Then and there, in this hour of irritated solitude, Spottiswoode resolved that he would delay his wedding till autumn rather than have it occur in the coming spring.

All those rosy little affirmations about his English connections had been true enough. Only, they bored him to death when repeated by anybody, and of all people he had fancied his aunt would have "let up" on them, considering how the newspapers had enshrined them in offensively copious comments. His cousin, Lord Meadowmere, was to be married in latter April to Miss Blyssie, a rich manufacturer's daughter, and had written him the most kindly invitation to come over and attend the nuptials. He now resolved that he would go. By latter June, at the furthest, he would be back in America. All the rest of the summer he would spend with the Rathbourns at their great, commodious old family homestead, not far from town. That is, he would run in and out of town, dining one evening at Highwood, the next at his club, as whim or convenience should decide. In this way he could make sure, wholly sure, that he was not sure already. But if this ugly verdict of his aunt's were in the faintest way justifiable by fact, he would at least have an amplitude of leisureful opportunity for its full discovery.

As he recalled every word Mrs. Dominick had uttered, he grew more and more conscious of the perfect good faith in which he had plighted troth with Dorothea. Her fashionable life was well known to him; he scoffed unconditionally at the censure cast upon her home associations; for did he not know these, in their blended joviality, carelessness and refinement, far better than Mrs. Dominick, far better than even Cornelia could possibly know them?

But that this girl whom he had selected for his future wife should be a repulsive mixture of hypocrisy and sordidness, but into his soul as a hideous possibility. After all, how many men were stupidly deceived before marriage! He re-surveyed his own conception of just what Dorothea was. Worldly? Yes; within sane and decorous limits. All girls of her class were worldly like that. But pure and womanly, in the sweeter and keener meanings of those terms? "Ah, if I did not believe her so," his meditations ran on, "I would go to her now, this very hour, and break the new bond that joins us!"

All this introspection was not of a lover-like quality, it must be owned. But on Dorothea a like charge could doubtless be cast. When we last saw her she was leaving her parents to meet Adam Strangford who waited in the drawing-room.

Presently, as the two faced one another, she gave him her hand with the most matter-of-fact promptitude.

"I suppose you've heard?"

She arranged some tumbled cushions on the small lounge into which she soon sank, and while so busying herself heard him say "Yes," very clearly and firmly.

She did not speak again, nor did he, till they were both seated. Then it was her voice that broke the silence.

"People have been very good. Such lots of notes and messages!"

"Naturally."

"They all wish me joy, of course."

"Of course."

She looked at him archly and a little timidly. "Don't you wish me joy?"

"Why ask the question?" he said. He had a voice that somehow suited his face, half shrouded in a short beard of mellow-tinted brown. His eyes were large, and candidly light-blue. Perhaps their darkish lashes made them seem more lucid.

Dorothea smiled faintly. "True; I need not suspect that you wish me anything but joy, need I? We've had lots of quarrels, but we always came out of them with no serious loss of temper, didn't we?"

"Quite right," said Adam Strangford. "I've never felt like losing my temper with you till now."

She started. "Why?"

"Oh, you must know." His manner was calm, but decided. He got up and moved about the room with a queer blending of gravity and vivacity. While he went on speaking he lifted an ornament one minute and scanned a picture the next.

"Yes, you must know," he repeated. "I can't help it if you're very angry at me. You must know that this man isn't going to make you happy, and you've gone in for what is called the best match in town. I wish to Heaven you hadn't—for your own sake. I wish it; you're such a true-hearted, splendid girl when you're acting according to the dictates of your nature. But now you're throttling your nature—"

"Mr. Strangford!" she flung at him, with clouding brows.

He held a tiny bronze spaniel in his hand, which he had just lifted inspectingly. He went on examining the pretty details of its workmanship, and hence spoke with lowered eyes.

"I mean it, I mean every word of it. I might, of course, have been hypocritical. If you hadn't dropped in here alone—if you'd come with your mother—I might have talked in a different strain. But you and I have always been plain with one another." He raised his eyes, now, and put the little bronze dog back on the table whence he had taken it. "There's no use, Dorothea Rathburne," he went on, "of compromise between you and me. You have done a thing that you are destined to regret all your life. I don't mean a word against Spottiswoode. He's better than nine-tenths of his class. He's differentiated from nearly all the others by his possession of a fair amount of brains. But convention has dragged him down into the commonplace, and this commonplace in him will be a spectre of absolute horror to you before you're his wife three years."

Dorothea leaned back upon the cushions of her lounge, now. Her face was all angry irony.

"This is what comes, Mr. Strangford, of being civil to people whom one does not ordinarily meet in one's world."

He gave a light, genial laugh. "How delicious a bit of snobbery! You're beginning well. Are you thrusting at me the fact of my father having been a poor little bookseller in Brooklyn? Heaven knows I'm not ashamed of my origin. It's better than that of a good many people whom you smile on—the Skidmores, for example, who kept an eating-house in St. Louis less than thirty years ago. I could name others with whom you break bread, and of whom you are willing enough to say that they are in your 'world.' Your world, forsooth! What is it? A collection of idle money-spenders! And you mention 'being civil' to me. Ah, my dear young lady, do you not forget?"

Dorothea rose; the irony had left her face. She was biting her lips, whether in wrath or dismay.

"Forget?" she muttered. "How?"

"I never sought this 'world' of yours to which you so insolently allude."

"Insolently?"

"Insolently—yes." . . . Adam Strangford's manful face had seldom looked more good-humored than now. But, for that matter, he was one of those rare individuals who could say the most fearless and stinging things without a gleam of animosity or malice. His intrinsic sincerity explained this. It was the sincerity of a man who had always shunned the solicitation of patronage, and whose definition of advancement had been the rather terse one of self-struggle.

"Those people to whom you have presented me," he went on, "I have never specially cared to meet. Your father (the best and dearest fellow in creation) has pressed me into an acquaintanceship with more than half of them. And he, of all your possible critics, would most deplore, I am certain, your late unhappy remark, so tainted as it was by equal tinctures of vanity and ill-breeding."

If his words had been less thoroughly gentle, less fibred with securest self-conviction, Dorothea might have chosen a different mode of response. As it was, remorse and mortification mastered her.

"I—I think you're right," she murmured. "I became stupidly, vulgarly angry."

Then she flashed a look of rather droll savagery upon him, while he reapproached her, smiling with much cordiality, and reentered himself in the same chair which he had so lately left.

"But you began the quarrel this time," she went on. "You must grant that you did."

He shook his head in deprecation. "I never wish to quarrel with you."

"Oh, that's all very grand and non-committal. But you say things—"

"Which you answer with extraordinary heat."

She bit her lips in silence, for a minute. "Well, I was childishly personal, this time, I admit." Her gaze now beamed warmly upon his face. "Of all things, you know I'm not snobbish."

"Not really so. But let us forget that. I'm not wounded by your telling me I don't belong to the Four Hundred. Heaven knows, I never wanted to."

"Oh, of course," she said, absently, with her eyes fixed on the opposite wall, looking quite past him.

"M—yes; I realize all that—I was childish, idiotic."

Then her glance arraigned him. "But you forced me to say something retaliatory."

"Something spiteful, you mean?"

"Oh, call it what you please. . . . Pray, why should you pounce upon me as you did?"

"Why?" he softly repeated, as if in soliloquy.

"And why should you sneer at the man I've promised to marry?"

"I didn't sneer at him," said Adam Strangford, a little measuredly, and with his inviolable good temper. "I simply tried to make your mistake plain to you." In another instant he grew excessively serious, leaning forward and envisaging her with the merciless mildness of his honest eyes.

"Not long ago, in this very room," he said, "you and I had one of our 'quarrels,' as you are fond of calling them. You told me that I was courting unpopularity in the review that I edit; you told me that a certain article in the last number of my *Plain Speaker* was wantonly radical and rebellious. I answered you that sincerity and truth were my only watchwords—that a few good friends had aided me in bringing out my review and in keeping it alive, and that while these held by me I would persevere in being my own fearless, determined self, no matter what temptations of profit, of personal advancement, should address me from other sources. . . . We talked it all over, if you recollect, and finally you agreed with me that I was right."

"Yes," Dorothea breathed, musingly. "I recollect."

"Then, as perhaps you may also recollect, I said to you many things about my past life. I told you that I had somehow, in my boyhood, seen a kind of sure and steady star, burning in that stretch of sky which we all manage to see above us, though sometimes it is terribly narrowed by life's exactions and restrictions. I told you of my early poverty—of my poor father's efforts to get me capably educated—of my own awakened desire to learn and to know—of my delight when certain influence secured me a scholarship at Princeton—of how I had a sick father and a dying brother to support while there, and of the intense struggle I made both as teacher and pupil through those four crucial years. Then I told you of how I took high honors at the end of my course, and of how a tutorship was offered me, with a good, helpful salary attached to it, provided I would openly endorse certain religious tenets concerning which I was believed to be skeptical, and of how I refused and faced the world with hardly a dime in my pocket. I told you of how I stood utterly alone in the world, then, my father and brother both having died, and two or three college friends in whose affection I firmly trusted having deserted me because of what they esteemed the horrible impiety of recent affirmations. Well, all this time the star still shone steadily. Better die, I said to myself, than be untrue to my own soul. At midday, as at midnight, it burned with an equal spark. I suppose luck helped me to found my review. That lets me live, now; it brings me a certain happy independence. But there were three years and seven months—you see, I know the exact interval—when I often felt the tooth of hunger at its keenest. I could have made compromises; I could have proffered concessions; but I stayed firm. A certain lecture which I had delivered here in New York, entitled 'Modern Christians and Other Hypocrites,' had roused against me acrid spleen. Even the doors of a few publishing-houses, a few newspapers, for which I had done back-work that meant daily bread, were closed against me. A sensational, blatant free-thinker, whose life I soon found to be an immoral one, offered me terms for a lecture tour that I would now rate as pitifully small. I remember that I was hungry—literally half starving—on the day when I finally refused to let him placard my name in the flamboyant style that he desired. But I left him, and as I walked from his doors, faint and weary, I thought of suicide; despair like mine so easily thinks of it. But no; my star burned clearer than ever. 'Till the last,' I said, 'I will be true to myself.' And then, soon afterward, I got my sudden guerdon. Help came, like a hand stretched out to me in the darkness. Not that I had shown in any marked measure courage and fortitude and self-respect. Not that in greater measure many another has not shown them and died without a shadow of recompense. But in my case there had clanked to be merciful watchers—benevolent spies. A small body of very earnest, fearless and honorable men wanted some one to aid them in the active exploitations of their theories and opinions. They came to me, one afternoon, to my shabby little chamber on Irving Place. They made their proposition, which I at first refused. I did not know where to get my breakfast on the morrow, but I clinched my teeth and refused. I told them that the idea of editing such a review as the one which they descriptively shadowed forth to me, was tempting beyond words. But I added that merely to act as their spokesman was to play what I held a servile part, and that I could not, would not play it. They stared at me; then they stared at one another. They knew how poor I was, and my answer doubtless reeked for them with the most self-sufficient audacity. 'Why, what on earth do you expect us to do, Mr. Strangford?' one of them presently asked me. 'To hold such editorial seigniority that you can reject, for example, if it pleases you, some article which one of us might have written and wished printed in the review our own money is going to keep afloat?' I smiled, then (and it isn't very easy to smile, Miss Dorothea, when you are both hungry and hopeless), and I quietly answered: 'That is just what I do want. If you think I have brains enough to edit your review for you, I hold it only fair that my position should not be merely a hollow nominal brevet. Every ship must have its captain. If you want me to be the captain of yours I must give orders and not take them. . . . Well, they looked very astonished at this, and haughty besides. Almost before I knew it they had bowed themselves, and rather sarcastically smirked themselves, outside my humble threshold. . . . I remember the awful heaviness of heart that came upon me then. I sat down at my desk, and leaned my head upon both hands and stared at a half-written manuscript which nobody whom I knew would want when it was finished. 'Adam Strangford,' a voice seemed to say in my ears, 'you've made a fool of yourself—a

precious fool." But I tried not to mind the voice; I'd heard it before, many a time, and always treated it with contempt. Then I shut my eyes, and in the dark mysteries of my own human spirit I seemed to see my star still shining, more radiant, more unquenchable than ever. "I will be true to myself, to my own ideals, to my own best and finest manhood," I mused. "After all, hunger can only kill, and no doubt it's killed thousands of better men than I." But the change came when I least dreamed of it. Two of those men returned to me that very night. Something in my placid obstinacy had pleased them, I suppose, or perhaps it was a case of not finding any better man at just that special time. They didn't by any means pull in their horns, but they offered to compromise. Would I edit the review in my own way for two years at a reduced salary? The reduction was serious, but I accepted their terms. The *Plain Speaker* was issued, and I worked upon it with tremendous, untiring toil for two years. At the end of that time I had won for it so large a public that when I told them I must retire from it if my salary was not quadrupled (and meanwhile I had accepted only two out of eight articles which they had sent me) the answer came that I must not go. Two more years have passed, and they still wish me to remain; indeed, for that matter, they have made me part owner of the property. . . . And my star," ended Adam Strangford, "shines now a little brighter than ever before; it has a tender, congratulatory sparkle which I did not perceive in it of old."

As he ceased, Dorothea gave her blond head a little nutinous toss.

"Really," she asked, "is this a lecture that you've been reading me? If so I must tell you that it is rather strongly flavored with—autobiography."

"It's a kind of parable," he answered, not heeding whatever sarcasm may have slept in her final word. Then his face, though still kindly, grew stern. "What I did, what I am doing, it is in you to do as well. I've known you for a good while, now; you are a girl wholly superior to your surroundings; your friend, Cornelia Dominick, is not more a part of them than you are above and beyond them. To marry as you are doing is a sacrilege—a blasphemy."

"How . . . how dare you?" she flashed.

"Oh, I dare do more than that," he pursued, with inflexible composure. "I dare to remind you that in going with Gerard Spottiswoode to the altar you will be acting a terrible falsehood; for you do not love him—"

"Adam Strangford!"

"—You do not love him, nor have you even any real respect for him. You will, by marrying him, be simply trampling on your own self-esteem, flinging insult at your own honor as a woman."

She was pale, and her lip was curling. "This is cowardly," she said.

(Continued next week.)

A CYCLIST'S RIDE THROUGH FIRE

THE sunlight streamed in at the window until the air was aglow with its radiance. It gave an added charm to the auburn-tinted hair of the pretty woman sitting at the head of the table, touching her lightly, then passing on and resting softly upon the little child sitting at her side.

In Philip Rodin's face there was no reflection of this brightness. His eyes were downcast, his expression was angry and sullen.

"You know, Philip," his wife was saying, "how much I owe Emily, and yet you object to her coming. Surely it is little enough to do, now that for a time she is in need of a home."

"Yes, and I know what she has done for me! Why it was through her I came so near losing you! Do you suppose I can ever forget that? And now you want her here, where I shall have to see her every day; where I shall have to be entertaining when I can't bear her! No, she shall not come."

"But, Philip, the letter is sent inviting her!" his wife exclaimed.

"The letter sent and you never consulted me! Well—" he stopped abruptly; what was he going to say next? It would be better left unsaid. Feeling as he did, he could not tell, if he began speaking, when or where he should stop.

He pushed back his chair from the hastily finished meal and walked toward the door. In the hall he could see his bicycle leaning against the wall, the companion of so many good times. He would take it and ride to the village. Perhaps it would help him to shake off the angry feeling that was growing upon him.

He paused a moment, as if he would turn and say good-by, then, without even so much as a farewell glance, he seized his wheel, and in a moment more was out upon the road.

His wife had half started to her feet, as if to stop him, but had repressed the words that rose to her lips. The child had ceased drumming on the table with his fork, and looked at his mother in wonder, for her eyes were dimmed with tears.

The air had the cool freshness of early fall. Quite cool, Philip thought, for a little shiver ran through him as he rode away from the gate.

As he crossed the valley he noticed that the long reeds and grasses were very dry in the meadow-lands that bordered on the road. Climbing a long, steep grade, he looked back for the first time. How cozy his little home appeared nestling among the trees! What a green spot amid the dull brown of the withered grasses of the meadow-lands! He felt a longing to go back, but instead he shut his teeth hard and rode down the opposite slope.

There the road followed the course of a river between high hills. Sometimes the river would leave its companion and wander away across the fields and around some bend, but it would soon come back again, and ripple along contentedly by its side. The road and the river seemed to sleep under the bluish haze that filled the air.

This quiet and charm grated upon Philip sorely. A

feeling of discontent filled him. When it became unbearable he took refuge in a burst of speed, and soon left the peaceful river behind him. This speed seemed to help his mood, and so he kept it up, and did not stop. When he reached the village he decided to go on still further and attend to some business on the other side of the mountain range. If he was late in getting back, so much the better; it would teach his wife a lesson. She must learn that he was not to be put aside with a few words, but that he was master still.

On and on he went, till he came to the last hill. There the road ran over the mountains, up which it had been steadily advancing.

Somewhat exhausted by the pace at which he had been riding, he progressed slowly, then dismounted and pushed the wheel along before him. When he reached the summit he started off again at the old speed, without so much as a backward glance at the country he had left, which from here was spread out beneath him like a map. His errand might keep him some time, and it would be best not to return too late.

It was well toward the end of the afternoon when he returned, his wheel pointed again toward home. He had reached the brow of the mountain, and was about to plunge down the grade when his eye caught the flutter of a girl's dress in a neighboring field. As she came in plain view he recognized her, dismounted, and walked toward her.

It was strange that he should meet May Everett just when his mind was filled with discontented thoughts; on this mountain, too, which was associated so closely with the past and with the memory of her.

"Why, Mr. Rodin! What are you doing so far from home?" she said. "They told me that you never left except for business. Is it business this time that has taken you so far away?"

"Yes, and business cares are great worries, they have to be attended to promptly," he replied.

Was it intuition that made her look again so earnestly into his eyes? Her woman's instinct told her that the trouble she saw there was not business trouble.

"Well, it is a long time since I have seen you," she exclaimed, gayly, "and I am going to talk to you a little while."

She half leaned upon a huge boulder facing the valley, and made room for him to sit beside her. Philip hesitated a moment, then, placing his wheel against the fence, he sprang over, and in a moment more was by her side. The rock that she had chosen for a seat was small, and he could not help but touch her as he seated himself.

A thrill ran through him as he remembered the past, when they had walked as lovers through that very field. Perhaps she, too, remembered, for she leaned toward him just a trifle. She always appealed so strongly to his senses! Out of her sight he could forget her readily, but with her, well—

"And so you have forsaken us," she was saying, softly; "I had no idea you would make such a model husband! Tell me, is married life so charming? Perhaps I shall get married myself, to test it; who knows?"

"Why don't you?" he answered. "You have no idea of its sweetness—and its bitterness," he added, under his breath.

Did she hear it, or was the thought conveyed to her? "Phil," she said, tenderly, half as if she were talking to herself, "just to think, you and I—"

She stopped abruptly. There was silence for a few moments. She was looking off at the view that stretched away for miles, at the bluish haze of the distant mountains. There was a soft, dreamy look in her eyes.

Philip was looking at her. How pretty she was! What a cunning little foot was that which peeped out from underneath the tight-drawn skirt! How smooth and soft her cheek looked—and so near him!—and how often he had kissed it! His arm slipped almost involuntarily behind her. Just once again he would—

As he half turns his eyes for a moment sweep over the view beneath them, over the valley in which his home lays, marked from here only by a slight dip in the ground. Then he springs to his feet, with an indescribable, ghastly dread upon him. Over that dip in the ground there hangs a slow, close-clinging fog of smoke, that hugs it in an almost motionless cloud, looking like a deep spray about some waterfall, not rising toward the heavens, but settling back toward earth.

"Get out of my way!" he exclaims, fiercely, his voice quick, sharp and feverish. He pushes her to one side, leaps forward, vaults the fence at a bound, and seizes his wheel. All thought is gone, save one—the thought of his home, the thought of that sun-kissed room which he left that afternoon in such a sullen mood.

Far away in that distant valley that tiny film of smoke still hovers.

Why did he come? Even now it may be burning with no one to save—No, no! Great God, not that!

His wheel is beneath him. Down the road he fairly flies. From the brow of the mountain he can see the road stretching away for miles before him. With one last agonized look at the valley, which, when he descends the mountain, he will not be able to see again until he enters it, he plunges over the brow and down the steep, sharp grade.

To another man that ride would have been madness, going at such speed. He would have been hurled, bruised and maimed, into the ditch; yet it does not seem to Philip that he is moving swiftly. The wheel itself appears to feel the need of great exertion, and requires no pressure on the pedals as it dashes on. It sways a little, but rises like a bird over the ridges in the mountain road.

With the blood boiling through his body, with his thoughts in one wild turmoil, Philip notices one important circumstance—the wind is with him. On that long ride he knows what that means—added strength. This steady pressure will help him greatly on the steep up grades. Now he is even going faster than the wind, for he is cutting the air like a knife, and he feels it sweeping hot against his head and face.

Now he has reached the level. His wheel seems hardly to touch the ground, and over the treacherous sandy spots, where in ordinary riding it would half slide from under him, it skims like a swallow. Soon he is beside the river, so peaceful, so quiet, and so cool, typical of rest and contentment. Why had he not appre-

ciated it when he could? Over it, in the hot air which his lungs are devouring, he notices the pungent odor of smoke. Hanging above this quietness and peace is already the forerunner of fear, terror and death.

Panting, covered with dust, in a whirl of motion he rushes by.

Now for the last grade! Weak and exhausted as he is from his continued exertion, the wind helps him, pushing him steadily up the incline. He reaches the summit. One look tells him that it is as he has feared. His house is burning! Still, that would matter little if she were only safe! A moment or two more and he will know all. But no, between him and the house the road is covered for a short distance with a seething mass of flame and smoke. The marshes on both sides of the road are on fire, and the flames, driven by the wind, are sweeping over it. Beyond this smoke he can indistinctly see a crowd of people.

There is no way to go around. He remembers as a boy jumping through the flame of bonfires, and swiftly reasons that a quick passage through the flames will do little damage.

Before him is this short, steep grade, on which he can get great speed; beyond that, fire; beyond that, his home.

He shuts his teeth hard, and dashes down the slope. Should the wheel strike an obstruction, or slip from under him in the midst of that fire, then all will be lost. He pats the handle-bars and whispers: "Don't fail me now!" then places his whole strength upon the pedals.

The speed grows with each revolution of the wheels. They turn so swiftly that he cannot keep his feet upon the pedals, and he lifts them to the coasters.

He is almost upon the fire. Drawing one long breath, he holds it, throws his head low upon his chest and plunges into the flames.

For a moment, and a moment only, it seems as if he would be devoured by them. They hiss about him like serpents, they wind about his arms and legs. The smoke, like some huge phantom, enwraps him in a smothering embrace.

Then it is over, and he is once more out in the cool air. The speed with which he darted through the fire has been his safeguard.

Grimy, dusty, blackened, he rides out of the flames, like a spirit. He does not notice the people or the ruins of his home. He sees nothing but her, as she stands there, dainty and white, with his boy by her side. He says but one word, "Helen!" but what infinite love and tenderness are mingled in his tone!

A moment more and he has her in his arms, pressed against his dusty, grimy form. She looks at him with a great deal of admiration, a little of awe, yet with a sense of sorrow.

"Oh, Phil, our home!" she cries; then, with a comforting little gesture, "but you need not have worried about our safety, dear!"

HENRY E. HAYDOCK.



MANY charming stories are related of the late Archduke Albrecht of Austria. On one occasion, as he was returning to Vienna, after the autumn manoeuvres, and attended only by his aide-de-camp, he entered a compartment, in which was seated a very pretty young lady, who, however, was too much overcome by grief to notice the newcomers. The Archduke was so touched by her distress he could not resist inquiring the cause, and, won by his friendly sympathetic manner, the young wife explained that she had just parted from her husband, whose regiment was ordered to Bosnia. "Why cannot your husband obtain leave?" inquired the Archduke. The reason, it appeared, was due to the hard-heartedness of the colonel, whom the lady described as "a bear." Her traveling companion did his best to console her, inquired the name of her husband, and finally parted from her, without a hint as to his identity. Two days later the aide-de-camp brought the astonished lady a beautiful bouquet, attached to which was the Archduke's card, and on this was written an intimation that her husband had been granted the wished-for leave, and would soon be with her.

OUR GALLERY OF DOUBLES.



HENRI ROCHEFORT AND DUFFIELD OSBORNE.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-kept remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

THE · DIPLOMATIC · CORPS · AT · WASHINGTON

DR. ZEBALLOS,
Argentine Minister.MAVROYENI BEY,
Turkish Minister.

JEUNG KIUNG WON, Special Commissioner. YE CHA YUN, Ex-Minister of Korea.

PRINCE CANTACUZENE,
Russian Minister.

HERE is probably no feature of Washington society more interesting than the coterie of Ambassadors and Ministers who form the Diplomatic Corps. The unmistakable foreign look of them, their broken English—or no English at all—the strange costumes of the Chinese and Koreans, and the general indescribable atmosphere of the Old World which hangs about them—all these things give a charm to the Diplomats which is quite apart from their agreeableness as individuals; and this little infusion of foreigners and foreign manners and customs has a good deal to do with the difference between the society of the capital and that of any other city in the United States.

The extreme punctiliousness of the Diplomatic Corps in the matter of returning calls, for instance, is traceable to the strict etiquette of Courts where Royalty exchanges visits within an hour; so also is the flattering attention with which they invariably listen to anybody who talks to them, and the extreme care they take even to acknowledge bores. Yes, I think Washington society owes a great deal of its charm to the foreigners, and—he it whispered—they have a few things to learn from us.

The Ambassadors and Ministers Plenipotentiary of thirty-one nations are gathered together in Washington—all the race types of the civilized world—and each Legation is within itself a Miniature of the country it represents: a little China, Japan or Korea transplanted to America, with its own peculiar manners and customs, its queer costumes and still queerer cuisine, its unpronounceable, suggestive names, and its strange-looking flag floating overhead in the breeze.

When the various Legations are thrown open from time to time for entertainments, all these interesting peculiarities disappear, and there is no difference whatever between a ball at the British Embassy and one at the Chinese Legation, as far as national characteristics



THE CHINESE EX-MINISTER'S BABY GIRL, BORN AT WASHINGTON.

are concerned, which seems a pity. There are only two occasions when one can see the Diplomats in a body, and in their full glory—on New Year's Day, and at the annual reception given them by the President, when all the Ambassadors and Ministers, attended by their respective secretaries, military attachés, etc., appear in full Court dress. It is a very splendid and imposing sight—the gorgeous uniforms, the gold lace, the glittering orders and decorations with their brilliant ribbons, and the beautiful, picturesque costumes of the Chinese and Koreans. The Blue Room at the White House looks like a scene on the stage as the *corps diplomatique* files in, headed by the British Ambassador, each member making a queer little bow to the President and Mrs. Cleveland, all bringing their heels together with a jerk and a click as they bend forward and shake hands. The most bigoted and democratic of American citizens is fascinated in spite of himself as his eye takes in the gorgeous mass of color, and he finds himself secretly wishing that our Ministers abroad might have some sort of costume or uniform to distinguish them from waiters.

The Jeffersonian idea of evening dress for our diplomatic representatives has defeated its own object of unobtrusive simplicity, for the solitary black coat of the American Minister is the most conspicuous object at a Court ceremony. There is one exception to this rule. If an American Minister has at any time been entitled to wear a uniform, he can appear in it at Court if he chooses.

Newly appointed doorkeepers and attendants at the White House get quite bewildered and dazed by the magnificent array of uniforms on these full-dress occasions and sometimes make amusing mistakes in identifying the different Ministers. I heard a lady ask one of them the nationality of a certain Diplomat in superb attire.

"That, madam, is the Austrian Minister from Australia," was the pompous reply.

A Boston girl made a very witty remark about the



A DANCE AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY.



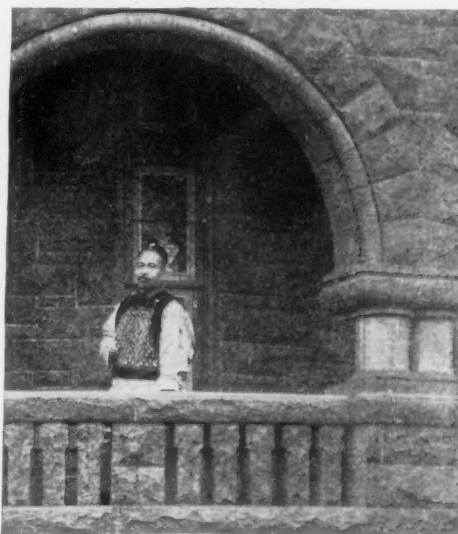
THE FASHIONABLE DRIVE FOR THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS AT WASHINGTON.

secretary of the German Legation several years ago. His name was Baron Zedwitz, and he wore the most fascinating light-blue and white uniform which fitted him so beautifully that he looked as if he had been melted and poured into it. The Boston girl said she thought his name ought to be Baron *Seidlitz*, because his blue coat and white trousers always suggested the two powders in their familiar papers. This nickname clung to him during the rest of his stay in Washington.

Soon after the present Administration came in, Congress passed a bill authorizing the United States to send Ambassadors to foreign Courts, and within a few months England, France, Italy and Germany raised the rank of their Ministers at Washington to that of Ambassador, in the order in which I have named them, and Sir Julian Pauncefote became the Dean of the Diplomatic Corps, because he was the first one promoted. The Dean is always the Ambassador who has been longest in service at any capital, and acts as president and spokesman of the Diplomatic Body. The difference between an Ambassador and a Minister is only in rank and precedence. Their rights of representation are the same.

It is a singular coincidence that Mr. Bayard, who, when Secretary of State during Cleveland's first Administration, was so opposed to our sending and receiving Ambassadors, should be the first American promoted to that rank. He argued against it on the ground of the additional expense it meant to the Government, and the extra fuss and feathers at Washington in the way of more ceremonial. The Government has not suffered so far, however, as the salaries of our Ambassadors remain seventeen thousand dollars—the same as when they were Ministers.

On the contrary, it is the Ministers themselves who are suffering pecuniarily by the change, being obliged to draw upon their private means to meet the expenses of Ambassadorial dignity. Mr. Eustis in Paris, and Mr. Runyon in Berlin, have been compelled to spend more than twice the amount of their salaries. Our four Am-



YANG YU,
Chinese Minister (in the piazza of the Legation).

bassadors and our Minister to Russia have held two conferences abroad—one in London and another in Paris—for the purpose of representing these facts to the State Department. Mr. Bayard has been in the United States since he was accredited to the Court of St. James, and one of the objects of his visit was to impress on the State Department the manner in which our national

dignity is being compromised by the inadequacy of the Ambassadors' salaries.

There was an able and caustic article on this subject in one of our leading papers the other day, setting forth the ridiculous position in which the Ambassadors are placed, and stating on good authority that they wish to resign and come home. The article gives an interesting statement of Mr. Eustis's expenses, which is a good illustration of his embarrassing position:

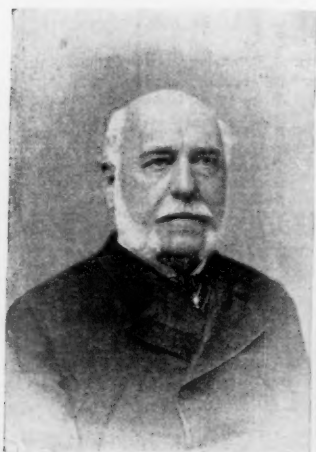
House rent in Paris per year.....	\$12 000
Ambassador's coach and livery.....	5 000
Diplomatic dinners and entertainments.....	3 000
One ball per annum.....	2 000
Entertaining American Naval Officers.....	2 000
Attending State Department functions.....	1 000
Official presentations.....	2 000
Total.....	\$37 000

In reality, we are told that Mr. Eustis has spent a good deal more than twenty-seven thousand dollars a year since he went to Paris, and is actually out of pocket about fifty thousand dollars as a result of being Ambassador to France.

It might be said that Mr. Eustis is living on an unnecessarily expensive scale; but this is not the case, as any one can testify who has been much abroad. For, unless an Ambassador lives among his colleagues, in the best quarter of the capital to which he is accredited, and returns the hospitalities offered him in a manner befitting the dignity of his position and of his country, he will find himself without influence or consideration in Diplomatic circles.

The situation seems to be briefly this: Our Ambassadors are practically on strike. Secretary Gresham will make an urgent representation of the situation to Congress through the President, and the country will look and await results.

It is interesting to note in this connection that the British Ambassador to the United States has a salary of six thousand five hundred pounds—which is about thirty-two thousand five hundred dollars—and one of



SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE,
British Ambassador at Washington.



THE BRITISH EMBASSY.



MR. YE,
Korean Ex-Minister.



MRS. YE,
Wife of Korean Ex-Minister.

the handsomest houses in Washington to live in, rent free.

The Governments of England, Germany, Brazil, Japan, Korea and Mexico have built or bought handsome houses in the fashionable quarter of Washington where their Legations always live and transact business. The others rent houses for a long or short term of years. The British Embassy is the most imposing and characteristic of them all. It is a large, substantial brick mansion on Connecticut Avenue, with iron gateways surmounted by lamps, and having the British coat of arms over the porte-cochere. Just the sort of highly respectable, comfortable house that you would expect the British Government to own. On the opposite corner is the Brazilian Legation, formerly the home of the late Justice Stanley Matthews of the United States Supreme Court. The German Embassy is also a handsome and imposing residence, purchased recently from Mr. Ferguson, United States Minister to Sweden and Norway. It is situated on Massachusetts Avenue and has been much improved and added to in order to adapt it for the large entertainments given there during the season.

The Japanese and Mexican Legations have no special characteristics, and are simply comfortable, spacious dwellings on N Street and I Street. The Korean Legation was built by Mr. Seth Ledyard Phelps, formerly American Minister to Peru, and was bought from his widow a few years ago. It is a rather picturesque house overlooking Iowa Circle.

In describing some of the Diplomats, and not saying anything about others, I do not wish to be understood as drawing an invidious distinction, the idea being simply to tell what seems most striking and picturesque in the Diplomatic Corps.

Sir Julian Pauncefote is especially typical of the nation to which he belongs; a tall, well-made, well-dressed, unmistakable Englishman, with gray hair, and the clean, clear English skin—a fine-looking man, easy, agreeable and popular. His promotion to the rank of Ambassador has been very rapid, as Washington was his first post as Minister. Lady Pauncefote and her four daughters entertain with the hospitality and dignity befitting their great country, and whether receiving visitors at the Embassy, walking on the street, or entering a ballroom, are always unmistakably and delightfully English, in dress, voice and manner.

The French Ambassador is also as characteristic of his race as the heart of a type hunter could wish, except that he is handsomer and taller than most Frenchmen. M. Patenotre is decidedly a very handsome man, with dark hair and eyes, a good figure and rather *blase* manners which he seldom takes the trouble to disguise. Early last spring he married Miss Elverson, daughter of a wealthy Philadelphian who owns the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. Mme. Patenotre seems to care very little for society. She is devoted to music, and spends hours at her piano, practicing and composing.

Baron Fava is extremely *distingue* in appearance, but has nothing characteristically Italian in face or manner to mark him as a representative of that nation.

Baron Saurma is decidedly a German, of the medium blonde type, dignified, affable and popular, and speaks English well, as do also his French and Italian colleagues. The four Ambassadors form an interesting group of unusually distinguished-looking men. Baron Saurma's daughter, who is the only member of his family here, made her *debut* this winter and does the honors of the German Embassy, where the entertainments are among the most brilliant in Washington.

Just now the Chinese and Japanese Ministers are attracting more attention than any other Diplomats. Everybody is on the *qui vive* to see if anything will happen when they meet—as they must—at entertainments. But no embarrassing situation has yet come about to gratify the curious, and the two Ministers behave as any other well-bred gentlemen would do under the circumstances, simply getting out of each other's way as much as possible. The Chinese Minister deserves a vote of thanks because he is giving Washingtonians the hitherto unheard of privilege of meeting his wife, who is by far the most interesting person in society. Until this year the wife of the Chinese Minister never appeared—not even at a reception at her own Legation—and Mrs. Yang is the first Celestial lady that we have been permitted to see. She looks exactly as if she had just stepped down from a screen, and her pretty face is very highly colored in vivid red and white—so highly colored, that I take the liberty of mentioning it, as the fact is obviously not intended to be a toilet secret, and really seems so much a part of her general picturesqueness that one can hardly imagine her without it.

She seems to enjoy the endless round of teas and receptions as much as any *debutante*, although she cannot speak or understand a word except through the interpreter who never leaves her side. At each of these entertainments she wears a different costume, and the gorgeous richness and exquisite coloring of her silken garments are beyond description. They are all made pretty much alike: a narrow skirt, clearing the ground, and a long loose jacket or blouse reaching to the knees, and heavy with embroidery—a sort of glorified pajama. Her jet black hair is crowned by a small round hat with long satin streamers behind, all embroidered with gold, and on either side—near the front—is a bunch of many-colored artificial flowers sticking out so far that they tickle you in the face if she bends forward. She wears this hat at evening receptions and balls, also when you call on her informally at the Legation. One wonders whether she sleeps in it. The two bunches of flowers, like the button on Mr. Yang's cap, denote rank.

On New Year's Day Mr. and Mrs. Yang were out visiting together in gorgeous array. She wore an exquisite costume the color of an American Beauty rose, and around the Minister's shoulders was a superb light-blue satin mantle of a shade so aesthetic and beautiful that every one gazed at him in open-mouthed admiration. Madame had evidently been coached before starting on her round of calls, and murmured "Happy New Year" in a funny little voice as she shook hands. She has no day for receiving visitors. If you wish to call upon her you inform the interpreter, who replies with great politeness that you have only to appoint an hour and Mrs. Yang will be most happy to stay at home to see you. On such occasions the children sometimes appear. Dear little tots, exactly like the Chinese dolls in the toy

shops, and absolutely free from shyness, they poke their little fingers into one's muff or card case and chatter all the time like magpies. The two girls and the son and heir are dressed so much alike that you can only tell which is which by the splashes of paint on the little girls' faces. A queer idea, daubing those round, baby cheeks with rouge.

The Chinese Minister always sends presents every Christmas to the wife of each Cabinet Minister and each Judge of the United States Supreme Court. This year his gifts were so numerous and so bulky that they filled a wagon, which was driven about town Christmas Eve and from which was distributed rolls of beautiful silk, embroideries, scarfs, handkerchiefs, tea, and so on.

Mr. Kurino, the new Japanese Minister, speaks English fluently and evidently means to keep up the reputation for hospitality which the Japanese Legation has always had. He has given several stag dinners and has just celebrated his birthday by a unique Japanese entertainment to which only ladies were invited, the Secretary of State and the Chief Justice being the exceptions. There was dancing by Japanese dancing girls, and each lady received a present done up in a mysterious-looking parcel. Mr. Kurino is a typical Japanese, dark, slender and small, and has that charming graciousness of manner which they all seem to be blessed with.

The representatives of Korea have been an interesting addition to the Diplomatic Corps, not only on account of their picturesque costumes, but because their country is so unknown to us. It will be remembered that the United States Government was the first to establish commercial relations with Korea (except the sister Empires of China and Japan), and that a treaty was negotiated by Admiral Shufeldt in 1882. Mr. Foote of California was the first Minister sent to Korea.

When the Koreans arrived in Washington during President Arthur's Administration they created a great sensation, especially at evening parties, where they appeared in tall hats with steeple crowns—like old Mother Hubbards—and they stood in line against a wall like a row of wooden images with perfectly immovable, expressionless faces. You would never have suspected them of the wicked remark made by one of the demure secretaries who asked "why the American ladies grew so much taller than their gowns!"

The Koreans dress and look very much like the Chinese, except that their faces are flatter. They have absolutely no profile—no more than a face painted on an Easter egg—and it is said that because of this peculiarity they have an exaggerated admiration for large, prominent noses. They have a curious way of changing their sleeves for special occasions. The more important the occasion, the more gorgeous the sleeves. At the funeral of Chief Justice Waite they appeared in marvelous rainbow sleeves of the most brilliant colors. The present Minister has gone back to his country on account of the troubles occasioned there by the war between China and Japan, leaving the Legation in the hands of a *Charge d'Affaires*. His predecessor, Mr. Ye, was a great society man and went everywhere with his delightful little wife, who spoke English as beautifully as he did and took lessons continually during her stay in Washington. Her teacher was an enthusiastic church woman, who succeeded in converting the little follower of Confucius into a blue Presbyterian—a somewhat violent transformation.

Sitting next to Mrs. Ye at a luncheon one day I thought it a good opportunity to find out something about a Korean lady's life, and as I had a vague remembrance of a picture in some book of travels representing Korean women sitting on the floor embroidering, I opened the conversation by admiring the embroidery on her gown, and asked her if she ever amused herself with fancy work.

"Oh, no!" she replied, in her soft little voice, "I never sew. Poor people sew."

"Do you sing or play?" I went on.

"Oh, no! I never play. I have always some one to play to me."

"Perhaps you prefer to read?"

"No, I never read; I have always some one to read to me."

"What do you do while they read to you?"

"I listen."

"I never see you in the street except in your carriage; don't you walk sometimes in the park opposite the Legation?"

"I do not walk in the park. I walk in my house always."

"But you get no fresh air that way," I objected.

"There are windows," said Mrs. Ye.

No Diplomat is better known in the gay world than Mavroyeni Bey, the Turkish Minister, whose alert little figure and smiling countenance are to be seen at every fashionable function. He devotes himself always to the prettiest girls of the season with an ardor which sometimes alarms their mammas, who bethink them of the harems of his native land and mount guard over their fair daughters when this fascinating Turkish bachelor appears. Mavroyeni is very hospitable and gives theatre parties and suppers to his numerous friends. He also entertains a great deal at Bar Harbor, and two summers ago his evening *fete champetre* was the event of the season. Those who were present will not soon forget the weird and beautiful scene on Bar Island when fireworks and red lights illuminated the picturesque shore and the broad expanse of Frenchman's Bay.

Prince Cantacuzene, the Russian Minister, is a most polished, agreeable man, with a thin, high-bred face. Like most Russians, he speaks English fluently. His daughter, Princess Mary, does the honors of the Legation and is a constant companion to her father. They are both fond of bicycling, and are sometimes seen flying down Connecticut Avenue together.

The Brazilian Minister is a lover of art and has a famous collection of paintings at the Legation. His wife is an American, who is fond of society and entertains constantly, assisted by her two Spanish-looking step-daughters.

The Mexican Minister and the Nicaraguan Minister have also American wives, and Mr. Thurston of Hawaii, who was so prominent last winter during the Hawaiian complications, has just married a Chicago girl.

When a new Minister comes to Washington he announces his arrival to the Secretary of State, who

arranges as soon as possible for his formal presentation to the President, the Minister and his suite being always accompanied and introduced by the Secretary of State on this occasion. The extreme simplicity of this little function is an amusing contrast to the elaborate ceremony attending the presentation of the first foreign Minister ever sent to this country. The following is the official copy of the formalities to be observed in introducing M. Gerard, Minister Plenipotentiary from the Court of France, in 1778:

"At the time he is to receive his audience, the two members of Congress (who are to act as his escort) shall again wait upon him in a coach belonging to the States; and the person first named of the two shall return with the Minister Plenipotentiary or Envoy in the coach, giving the Minister the right hand, and placing himself on his left, with the other member on the front seat. When the Minister Plenipotentiary or Envoy is arrived at the door of the Congress Hall, he shall be introduced to his chair by the two members, who shall stand at his left hand. Then the member first named shall present and announce him to the President and the House; whereupon he shall bow to the President and the Congress, and they to him. He and the President shall again bow unto each other, and be seated, after which the House shall sit down."

"Having spoken and been answered, the Minister and President shall bow to each other, at which time the house shall bow, and then he shall be conducted home in the manner in which he was brought to the House."

The first public recognition of the independence of the United States by a foreign power was recorded in the treaty between this country and France signed at Paris, February 6, 1778, by M. Gerard on the part of France, and Benjamin Franklin, Silas Deane and Arthur Lee on the part of the United States.

All members of Legations at Washington, male and female, high and low, white and black, master and servant, are exempt from punishment under the laws of this country, no matter what crimes they may commit. They cannot even be arrested. If the offender is the Minister himself, or one of his secretaries, his recall can be requested by our Government; but that is all. If the sinner is a servant who happens to be also an American citizen, the hand of Justice cannot be laid upon him unless he is dismissed from the Legation. Foreign Ministers are also exempt from Custom House duties, so their wives can freely indulge in French bonnets, gowns and gloves. All the Diplomats are honorary members of the principal club in Washington, and are treated as guests.

One sometimes hears the question asked, "What are the exact duties of a Diplomatist? What does he actually accomplish in times of peace?" Eugene Schuyler tells us in his "American Diplomacy," that "it might almost be said that Ministers are sent abroad in order to do nothing; i.e., that by perceiving the drift of little things, watching for any slight event which may grow into a huge difficulty if uncared for, they may prevent great questions from arising." "They are sentinels," he says; "outposts to prevent difficulties between nations."

About the French humorist, defined diplomacy as the art of tying one's cravat, and Napoleon said Talleyrand was a good diplomatist because he lied well. Between these two extremes there are many interesting duties, such as giving dinners and declaring war.

NANNIE-BELLE MAURY.

THE OFFICE DOG'S WISDOM.

It's my opinion that Uncle Sam ought to give blustering Spain more than a lecture this time.



Haven't we had enough of these outrages on our flag by Spanish naval officers? I should think so.

It's rather a stale joke, I guess, but seems to me nothing is more precious than the safety and sacredness of our barks.

President Cleveland is sending away Minister Thurston of Hawaii for "talking too much with his mouth." He ought to stop the barking and snarling of Muruga, the Spanish Minister, also.

Alliance! I think I'll advise Mrs. Cheewee to call her next puppy by that name.

Spain will feel like a toy terrier that has been flying at a mastiff, when she gets through with us.

I see that the British Bull has taken a header at little Nicaragua. He may find that he has locked horns with the horns of a dilemma.

HOSTESSES of a scientific turn of mind may possibly be glad to introduce to the notice of their guests a new cure for that terrible scourge, indigestion, which is certain to conduce to the liveliness of any dinner-parties where it may be practiced. A well-known physician has recently expressed the conviction that as an aid to digestion kissing is strongly to be recommended. Nowadays we are so ready to seize upon new hygienic theories that it will be surprising if so agreeable a remedy for a very prevalent and distressing trouble does not immediately become popular. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*, and if one hostess will have the courage to start the new remedy, she will assuredly find many followers.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Old Heads on young Shoulders



A QUAIN fashion has been introduced in Paris during the present season which has mightily captivated the fancy of the proverbially light-hearted French. Tired of the ordinary masked and fancy-dress ball, which often entails more thought and expense than is justified by results, some one conceived the original idea of giving fancy "heads" entertainments. All that is required of guests bidden to one of these novel festivals is that their heads and necks be dressed to represent some famous or picturesque character, ordinary evening dress sufficing for the rest of the costume. The effect is extremely droll, and often piquant and beautiful. With little trouble a man can change his head to the resemblance of a clown, a Pierrot, a Harlequin, a Turk, a Mephistopheles or a Watteau shepherd, according to his age and type. Women also have an endless variety of "heads" to choose from. The brunette may be a blonde—for once—and wear the golden fleece of Cybele or of Ceres, of Ophelia, Diana, or of a noble Tuscan lady. When the hair is blonde, Titian-red, or white, paint and powder for the face are a *sine qua non*. Fair women who wish to assume raven tresses for a change, may appear with the head of an Italian girl, a gypsy or an Indian Princess. Matrons look stately in the coiffure of Mme. de Maintenon, or the powdered wig of an old Marquise, as Catherine de Medicis or Marie Leczinska; or if a simpler effect is desired, the cap of a Normandy or Breton peasant woman will make the desired metamorphosis.

Fancy "heads" have been in vogue, not only at balls, but also at dinners of from twelve to twenty covers, but



usually the *diner de têtes* is followed by a ball at which all the guests appear *en tête*. The accompanying illustrations of "heads" will give the reader a good idea of the interest and variety which the novel Parisian fashion lends to an ordinary dinner-party.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE AND THE AUTHORS.

A VERY interesting and amusing ceremony, which took place at the meeting of the Authors' Club on the evening of March 14, was the presentation by the club to Mr. Carnegie of the three magnificent volumes of the original manuscripts of "The Liber Scriptorum." Besides the value of this gift, due to its entirely unique character as being the manuscripts of over one hundred of America's leading men of letters—and manuscripts unpublished except in the two hundred and fifty-one copies to which the edition of "The Liber Scriptorum" was limited—the binding of the work and the inlaying of the pages are wonderful examples of handicraft. It had been originally intended to dispose of the books at auction, many applications to be allowed to bid had been received, and five thousand dollars had been named as an approximate figure which the bidding would be apt to reach. In view, however, of Mr. Carnegie's gift to the club of its present delightful home, it was felt that such a presentation to him would be a peculiarly graceful, appreciative and acceptable acknowledgment.

There were many members of the club in attendance, but not so many as the occasion called for, owing to the fact that members had not been warned of the interesting ceremony that was to take place. Among those present, however, were Henry Marquand, William Carey, Alexander Black, H. H. Boyesen, F. H. Stoddard, T. M. Coan, E. C. Stedman, Arthur Stedman, James H. Morse, T. B. Connery, W. H. Gibson, Marcus Benjamin, W. Denison Champlin, E. S. Van Zile, Colonel G. E. Waring, Henry S. Brook and E. S. Brooks.

At ten o'clock, the Japanese gong that summons the authors to supper, ushers in the New Year on watch-night and performs many other useful functions, rang out its metallic clang. Mr. Rossiter Johnson, chairman of the Presentation Committee, took the floor, supported by a small detachment of authors ranged as a Greek chorus. Mr. Carnegie was summoned to stand forth and hold up his right hand. Mr. Johnson's re-

marks were both brilliant and witty, and, in the course of them, he took occasion to ask certain questions with a view to establishing Mr. Carnegie's fitness to receive the key of the handsome leather case containing the proposed gift. The answers to these questions were repeated to the leader of the chorus, who thereupon announced them to his fellows, by whom they were duly trumpeted to the club at large.

"Can you read writing?" Mr. Johnson asked, gravely; and, upon Mr. Carnegie's laughing affirmative, the voices of the chorus proclaimed in sing-song tones:

"He can read writing!"

"Can you lift ten pounds?" was the next question; and, a moment later, the chorus announced:

"He can lift ten pounds!" thereby assuring the members that Mr. Carnegie was entirely able to carry their gift home with him.

Then followed a more delicate query, the answer to which was expressed with much feeling by the chorus in the words:

"He loves authors!" modified a moment later by the terrible announcement:

"Both raw and roasted!"

Mr. Johnson then read a poem which he stated had been pronounced by literary critics to be undoubtedly either the work of Chaucer or of some other person. It was written on a piece of cardboard cut in the shape of the plan of the rooms and attached to it was the key to the leather casket which Portia's unlucky suitors had no opportunity of selecting in preference to those of gold, silver and brass:

The poem ran as follows:

Who holds this key must able be
To read handwriting easily;
To lift ten pounds times three,
And love the author tribe purdie—
Love them raw, and love them roasted,
Lowly fed, or
highly toasted,
Whether still
alive, or
ghosted.
His mind is
bright,
His heart is right,
His arm hath
the proper
might.
On him Bohemia's
blessings light.
Find the man

If you can:
When found,
The trumpet sound,
And give to be
This key.

Mr. Johnson went on to explain that strict grammarians had claimed that the last line should read: "Give to him this key," but that the poet had thought key preferable to him and had desired to be consistent in his use of the personal pronoun.

Then, in answer to a last query, the chorus proclaimed the will of the club in the words of the poem:

"Give to him this key!"

The key was thereupon duly presented. Mr. Carnegie responded gracefully, wittily and most appreciatively, and the ceremony—as unique as the gift it conveyed—came to a close.

Who can maintain after this that—

"A little nonsense now and then
Is (not) relished by the wisest men?"—(See page 12.)

THE UNITED STATES AND SPAIN.

THE ill-advised commander of the "Conde de Venadito," the Spanish cruiser which fired upon the "Alliance," off Cape Maysi, on the 8th of March, may have rendered himself famous not only by involving his country in a difficulty with the United States, but also by provoking a revolution in Spain. His intelligence may be measured by the fact that in his report he states that he fired upon "an English flag." Very likely he comprehends under the head of "Ingleses" both English and American ensigns; but his ignorance will not serve as an excuse. The conviction is still strong in this country that Spain will make proper reparation, understanding that delays and subterfuges are not allowable in this particular case.

The situation in Madrid is extremely interesting, and points unmistakably to an insurrection the end of which would be the Republic. The military party, which has no legitimate claim to the powers coolly usurped by it when Alfonso XII., son of Isabel, was called to the throne, has long been obnoxious to the press and the civilian public; and of late has been sharply criticised. The officers who throng Madrid, and who draw vast sums from the debt-ridden country, were recently assailed in the press as always ready to go to Cuba when all is quiet there; but as anxious to remain in Madrid when there is fighting in "the ever-faithful isle." This so enraged the officers that they mobbed and destroyed the editorial rooms of one of the newspapers—the *Globo*—which is supposed to be the organ of Senor Castelar. Then came fiercer comments from the outraged press; the Army heard some sharp truths, which were very unpalatable; and the Minister of War, General Dominguez, demanded in Cabinet meeting that the offending newspaper men be tried by court-martial. Premier Sagasta saw that this setting aside of the ordinary tribunals would lead to a revolution; and he declined to agree to any such proceeding. The result was a Cabinet disturbance, ending in the resignation of Premier Sagasta. Marshal Martinez Campos, the most faithful servant of the Queen Regent, was then called upon the scene, and as Captain-General of Madrid is charged with the maintenance of order. He is a fierce man with a heavy hand; and the fiery Spaniards will soon be in revolt against him, especially if he continues to talk as he did recently to the delegation of journalists, to which he said: "If you writers continue to criticise the Army, you will be shot!"

Spain has always been accounted to have a fairly good navy. Her extensive coast furnishes a hardy race of sailors. The loss of the "Reina Regente" will be

heavily felt by her. But she still has, according to the latest statistics, of recent iron-clads and war vessels now in course of construction, the following: the "Carlos V.," and the "Pelayo," of 9,235 and 9,900 tons respectively; the "Oquendo," "Cataluna," "Cisneros," "Maria Teresa," "P. des Asturias" and "Vizcaya" of 7,000 tons each. Of deck-protected and partially protected vessels the "Alfonso XIII.," the "Lepanto," the "Ensenada," the "Isla de Cuba" and the "Isla de Luzon" are the most noticeable. One or two of these are still in dockyard, but could be got ready soon. The old ships, like the "Numancia" and "Victoria," plated with wrought iron, would be no match for our coast defenders. The "Conde de Venadito" is one of the ships which recently operated along the Morocco coast. The great Nervion Anglo-Spanish naval yard at Bilbao would doubtless receive Uncle Sam's attention, in case of war. Ships like our "Oregon," "Maine," "Texas," "Puritan," "Indiana," "Montgomery," "Monadnock" and "New York," "Columbia" and "Minneapolis," "Chicago," "Baltimore," "Philadelphia," "San Francisco," "Newark" and "Charleston," need fear nothing in their separate classes in the Spanish navy.—(See p. 5.)

Du MAURIER'S SOLILOQUY

IN RHYTHMIC THRILLS AND STARTS.

SCENE.—The artist's literary and sketch workshop. He is drawing a comic sketch for "Punch," with his right hand, and carrying on the sequel to "Tribby" with his left hand. His maid servant who sits for all the female help in his caricatures of London life, and who foolishly suspects she is the original of Tribby, brings in a packet of letters and an armful of parcels and then retires. He throws down his pen, and his pencil, rises and comes forward.



So long have I been sketching
And toils in every station,
I make my comic hits by flukes,
In unconscious celebration,
My right hand sketches, but it
Never knows
What does my left, which, as
my fancy glows,
Novel after novel at the public
throws.
I'm at work on a sequel to "Tribby."
And a regular stunner it will be,
But ere I may whi-per the kaud
that it is
Let me first straighten my quizzical
pliz.
And in a sparkling ditty let you
see,
L'espece d'oufage de jaynie ker
je suis.
The sort of child of genius that
I be.

(Capers about like a French Pierrot, and then sings.)

'Twas I created Postlethwaite,
St. Chelsea's moony child;
'Twas I discovered Whistler,
Who invented Oscar Wilde.

'Twas I suggested Gilbert,
Ere he wore a Pinafore;
'Twas I who coined the word "intense,"
And delisted the Bore.

'Twas I who made our duchesses
Serve comic uses, and
'Twas I who thought of Happy Thoughts,
And gave them to Burnand.

I had a hand in Ruskin,
And I carved his Seven Stones,
I certainly made Millais;
Of course, too, E. Burne Jones.

I dug up Henry Irving,
And laid out Clapham Square;
'Twas I first smoked out Swinburne,
And opened up Mayfair.

'Twas I who named the Lady's Mile
And shaped the modern "swell";
I've done whatever none suspects
And I've always done it well.

(Opening the letters and parcels.)

These give a fair idea of the growth of my renown,
I'm bigger now than any one in famous London town,
The man who gets more letters than Gladstone or the Queen,
Who's followed round by gaping crowds wherever he is seen.

They're namin' child're after me!

I'll write to them, they hope,
See, Tribby boots and Tribby flutes
And Tribby cakes of soap.

Tribby muffs and Tribby puffs
and Tribby barbered heads,
Tribby saddles, Tribby paddles,
Tribby folding beds.

Tribby loans and Tribby stones
and Tribby bottled stout,
I'm a little sick of Tribby, there's
so much of her about.

(Comes forward, dusting his hands and looking very confidential.)

Now for my little secret. The

sequel I am at.

Will wipe the eye of Tribby or I
shall out my hat.

You'd never guess the title. Well, I simply call it "Sally."

Or, for a second choice, perhaps "Little Blue Svengali."

You didn't know that Tribby left a pretty little daughter.

I quite forgot to mention her, although I hadn't ought ter.

She just combines the talents of her papa and her ma.

The Tribby tootsy-wootsies, Svengali's great sol-fa.

Of course she has accomplishments, particularly her own:

She turns into a statue if she's ever left alone.

Which makes it rather awkward, as you may well suppose,

To find a nice stone lady in a modern suit of clothes.

A-sitting or a-standing there in most unclassical pose.

As, searching for her pocket or puff-powdering her nose.

She knows what's doing round her, hears comments that arise,

Yet can't talk back; and once a day, to every one's surprise,

She changes posture suddenly,

hypnotically led,

Drawing pitiful attention to both

sides of her head.

For stone she stays until some

wight shall, happily, drop a tear

That falls upon or trickles to the

statue's lonely ear.

She then revives and marries him,

whether he will or no;

Events that are peculiar from this

state of things will flow.

Since Tribby traveled on her toes,

I'll make it pretty clear

My statue girl shall promenade up

on her beauteous ear.

Of plot and minor episode I'll speak

no further now.

But it will reach the women, raise

a scientific row.

Set men of peace to libeling and pummeling each other.

And when its vogue is waning, I'll begin on "Tribby's Mother."

Et il y a des autres—et des belles! Miss, Supertette! Esfin.

Et sera traitant fin de siècle, mon Quartier Latin.

(Resumes his simultaneous writing and drawing.)



ART AND ARTISTS.

THE beautiful story of the Quest of the Holy Grail has often been told by poets, but Mr. Abbey's is the first serious attempt at pictorial illustration of this richly romantic theme. Considering the limitations by which he was bound, in the matter of selection and of adaptation to the allotted space, and to the background of mural decoration, Mr. Abbey has triumphed nobly over the difficulties of his subject, and revealed powers of greater magnitude than even his warmest admirers suspected him of possessing. The five large paintings exhibited lately at the American Galleries in this city are but the first half of the series destined to fill the mural spaces in the Boston Library. The first represents the infant Sir Galahad, in the arms of one of the nuns who cared for him in his youth, gazing at a vision of the Holy Grail. In the second, the knight, grown to manhood, is completing his all-night vigil previous to his setting out on his quest. In the third, he is entering the hall of Arthur, about to seat himself at the round table, on the mystic seat which none but a perfectly blameless knight may occupy with safety. The next canvas shows Sir Galahad and his companion knights ready for departure and kneeling to receive the episcopal benediction. The last, which is indescribably grand, reveals Sir Galahad in the Castle of the Grail, where the wounded King Amfortas and his followers lie under a spell from which they cannot be liberated until the most blameless knight arrives.

Mr. Abbey has entered fully into the spirit of these medieval times and has successfully transcribed to his canvas the types and scenes which most fully accord with our conceptions of them. An atmosphere of romance and of religious fervor pervades them all, and in each one, against the semi-barbaric splendor of the background, the blameless knight, Sir Galahad, stands out, red-robed, with heroic distinctness. A soldier-saint is a difficult type of manhood to depict, and some will say, perhaps, that the expression of virginal purity which gives the note of elevation and distinction to Sir Galahad in the paintings is over-emphasized at the expense of the vigor and virility one looks for in a knight of the Round Table. I am rather inclined to agree with Mr. Charles Whiting, the clever critic of the *Springfield Republican*, on this point.

In the manipulation of color Mr. Abbey shows himself a truly great artist, achieving wonderful purity and brilliancy of tone, and producing the most original and satisfying color-harmonies. The effect of the candle-light on the white robes of the nuns in the second picture is phenomenally good and the dazzling nimbus surrounding the Holy Grail carried by the angel in the last picture is no less wonderfully successful.

Mr. Abbey is a superb draughtsman. Though his canvases are crowded with figures, there is a breadth and simplicity and unity about his drawing which satisfies the eye without fatiguing it.

A private exhibition of much interest was given at his studio, 145 West Fifty-fifth Street, by Mr. Elliot Daingerfield on the 18th and 19th of the present month. There were about twelve new pictures in oils and water-colors thus displayed by Mr. Daingerfield to a select number of friends, who expressed considerable admira-

tion for many of the paintings. The young artist is a native of North Carolina, and the charm of the mountain scenery in his native State has inspired him most happily in the execution of two beautiful landscapes and figure pieces entitled respectively, "The Drover" and "The Shepherdess." But his religious pictures are his most ambitious attempts. "Christ in the Wilderness," "In Gethsemane," and "Cain and Abel" show considerable power. Mr. Daingerfield is not a realist nor an impressionist, but seems to be following in the footsteps of the best old masters. He is likely to attain distinction if he perseveres in this direction.

At the studio of Mr. J. Scott Hartley, the well-known sculptor, there are a number of interesting pieces to be seen. A portrait bust of Admiral Meade commands the entrance to the right, and opposite the door the determined countenance of Henry George lectures mutely on single tax. The head of a bonny little boy you notice on the same shelf the sculptor will tell you is the portrait of his son. In the inner studio you see the model for a statue of Jefferson, representing the statesman standing erect in an easy attitude. Round its circular base is a beautiful work in relief representing Liberty calling the country to arms, and various typical figures responding. A group entitled "The Bath," on which Mr. Hartley is just now working for Mr. Crimmins, is composed of two figures—that of a young mother with the lower part of the figure only draped, and of her baby boy entirely nude. The mother is leaning over the child in an attitude expressive of great tenderness. The contour of her figure is superb. The baby is a round and dimpled cherub, remarkably lifelike. Two other unfinished portrait busts await the final touches at the sculptor's hands. Mr. Hartley is a son-in-law of the late George Inness, of whom the sculptor has just finished a small portrait bust for his friend Mr. Daingerfield.

A DROP OF WATER.

YOU have heard the phrase, "Constant dripping will wear away a stone"? It is used metaphorically to mean that even the slightest efforts rigidly persevered in will produce mighty results. But the metaphor is based upon physical fact. It is literally true. The impact of drop after drop upon the hardest surface will make itself felt upon the latter and eventually demolish it. Sandow, the famous strong man, tells a story in point. When he was in Vienna a few years ago a school-teacher bet him that he would not be able to let a half-litre of water drop down upon his hand until the measure was exhausted. A half-litre is only a little more than a pint. Sandow laughed at the very idea of his not being able to do this.

So a half-litre measure was procured and a hole drilled in the bottom just sufficient to let the water escape drop by drop. Then the experiment began. Sandow laughed and chatted gayly—at first. The schoolmaster kept tab upon the number of drops. At about the two hundredth Sandow grew a little more serious. Soon an expression of pain crossed his face. With the entrance into the third hundred his hand began to swell and grow red. Then the skin burst. The pain grew more and more excruciating. Finally,

at the four hundred and twentieth drop, Sandow had to give up and acknowledge himself vanquished.

His hand was sore for several days after.

Perhaps the schoolmaster had been reading some book on China and had borrowed an idea from the amenities of public life in the Celestial Kingdom. When Chinese officials wish to convince a criminal of the error of his ways or to extract a confession from him, they are apt to force him into a position where drops of water will fall one by one upon his shaven skull. The argument produces such exquisite torture that it is generally more effective than less strenuous forms of logic. The drop always falls on the same spot and at a regular interval. Before long every perception of body and mind becomes concentrated on that one spot. "The impact of the tiny globule of water," says a historian, "is awaited with a terrible strain of anticipation; and when it comes its almost imponderable touch is felt like the explosion of a bomb, but without the merciful annihilation which the bomb inflicts." After endurance has passed its limits raging madness supervenes. Some people succumb in a few hours, but others, less amenable to reason, may require a day or so before they will yield or are reduced to insanity.

W. S. WALSH.

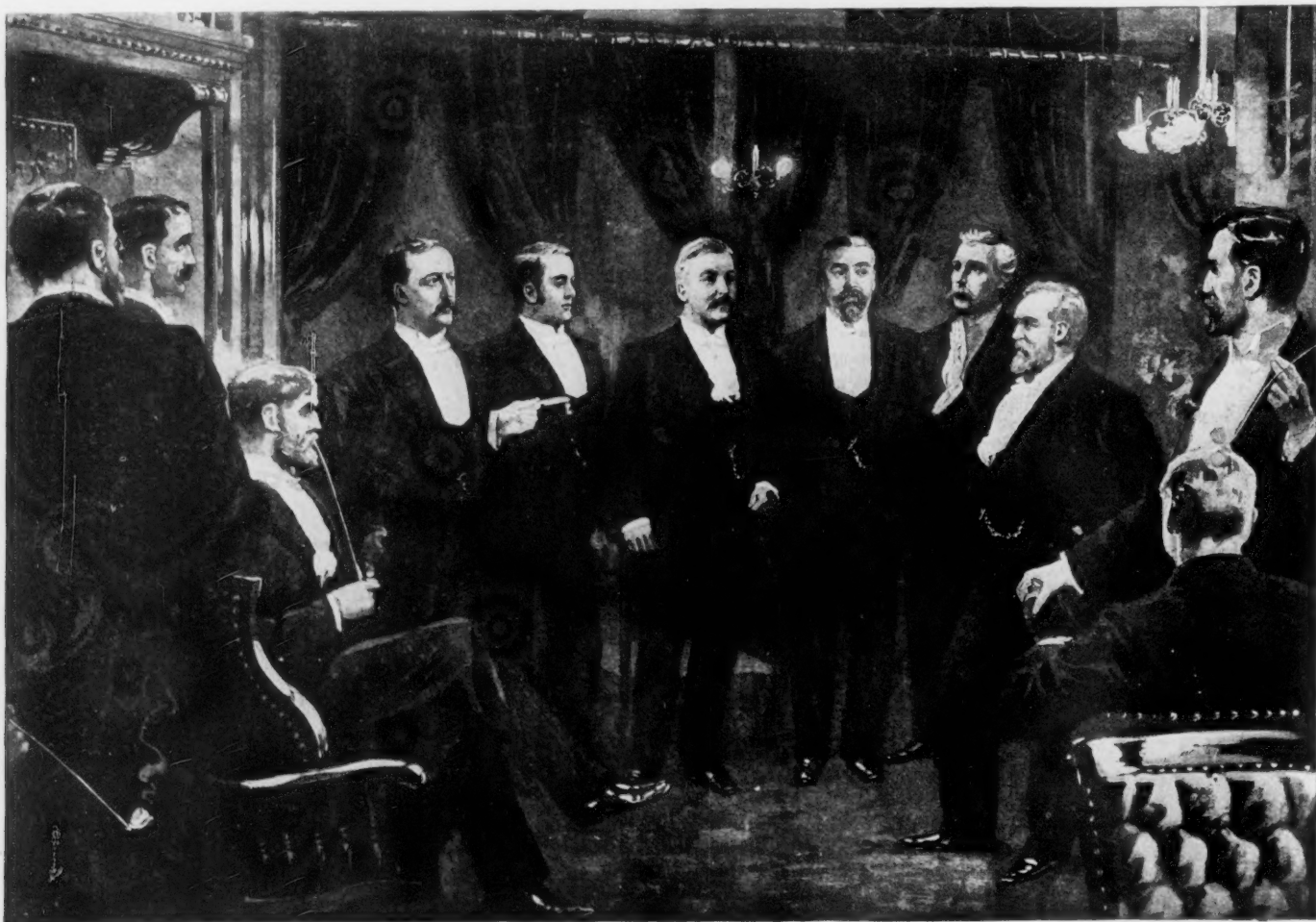
A NOVEL idea for balls has been suggested in the shape of an "introduction dance," which would be at once a pretty feature in the programme and a systematic way of making the guests known to each other. To country-dance sort of music all the dancers of the party would be ranged in long lines, the men facing the ladies; the hostess would then lead off with the first man, presenting him in turn to each girl along the line, the host meanwhile would have done likewise with the first girl at the other end, and on meeting in the middle partners would be changed, the hostess then taking the girl on to her own end and leaving her in the place vacated by the man, repeating the process until all had been introduced and consequently changed sides, and in a large party the host and hostess could, of course, be followed up by as many more introducers as might be desired. At the end the music would turn to a waltz, all the couples facing each other pairing off together. Every man would then be free to ask for a dance wherever he chose, and the hostess's trouble in looking after her guests would be at an end.

A NEW investigation of the "sweating system" in this State is to be undertaken. It is very necessary. The sweaters were never bolder than they have been for a year past. Their tyranny assumes new phases yearly. But it is the same old deadening and heart-breaking oppression.

THE negroes who were induced to emigrate from the Southern States to Mexico are all returning. They became alarmed at the peonage system, and feared that they were all to be enslaved once more.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

The French for "lady" say "une dame,"
Their word for "crowd" is "foule."
What would they call a crowd of women?
Possibly "dame foule."



ROSSITER JOHNSON AND THE GREEK CHORUS PRESENTING THE "LIBER SCRIPTURUM" TO ANDREW CARNEGIE.

(See page 11.)



CONGRESSMAN F. J. CANNON, UTAH.



CONGRESSMAN G. N. SOUTHWICK, NEW YORK.



CONGRESSMAN A. M. HARDY, INDIANA.



CONGRESSMAN D. F. WILBER, NEW YORK.



CONGRESSMAN F. S. BLACK, NEW YORK.



CONGRESSMAN V. WARNER, ILLINOIS.

OUR CONGRESSIONAL GALLERY.—No. 15.

OUR CONGRESSIONAL GALLERY.

FRANK J. CANNON, delegate to the Fifty-fourth Congress from the Territory of Utah, is a well-known Republican journalist. He was born in Salt Lake City in 1859, was graduated at the University of Utah in 1878, and is now a Regent of that institution, and chairman of its advisory committee. He was defeated for Congress in 1892 by Joseph L. Rawlins, Democrat, but in 1894 was elected over Mr. Rawlins.

Alexander M. Hardy, Republican Congressman from the Second Congressional District of Indiana, was born at Simcoe, Norfolk County, Ontario, Canada, in 1847. He received a collegiate and legal education in Canada and came to the United States in 1864. After taking a business course at Eastman College in Poughkeepsie, he located at Detroit, where he was engaged in newspaper work for several years. In 1868 he went to New Orleans, where he remained until 1872, when he located at Natchez, Miss., where he published a Republican newspaper. In 1875 he was appointed Collector of the port of Natchez by President Grant; in 1877 was a witness before the U. S. Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, investigating the political outrages in Mississippi. After testifying before said committee, on the advice of the late Senator Morton of Indiana, he resigned as Collector of Natchez, and was appointed to a clerkship in the Departments at Washington, remaining in the Government service until 1884, when he located at Washington, Daviess County, Ind., his present home, where he has since resided, engaged in the practice of law. He was elected to the Fifty-fourth Congress by a majority of 1,728 over John L. Bretz, the Democratic candidate, in a district which gave 2,000 Democratic majority in 1892. Mr. Hardy is noted as a campaign orator, being one of the most brilliant and logical stump speakers in the country.

From the Thirteenth District of Illinois Vespasian Warner will enter the Fifty-fourth Congress as Representative. Mr. Warner was born in Mt. Pleasant, now Farmer City, De Witt County, Ill., April 23, 1842; moved with his parents in 1843 to Clinton, Ill., which has since that time been his home. He attended common and select schools in Clinton and Lombard University at Galesburg, Ill.; was studying law at Clinton in the office of Hon. Lawrence Weldon, now one of the Judges of the United States Court of Claims, when, on June 13, 1861, he enlisted as a private soldier in Company E, Twentieth Illinois Volunteer Infantry. He remained an enlisted man and carried a musket in that company until February 5, 1862, when he was commissioned a Second Lieutenant. He remained in the service until July 13, 1866, when he was mustered out, then being a Captain and Brevet Major. He served in the Army of the Tennessee, receiving a gun-shot wound at Shiloh, until the evacuation of Atlanta, when, being disabled, he was ordered North, and from there, early in 1865, to the Plains, where a campaign was being conducted against hostile Indians, where he served until mustered out. On leaving the service he entered the Law Department of Harvard University, from which

he graduated in 1868; then returned to Clinton and commenced the practice of law, forming a partnership with Hon. C. H. Moore, which still continues. He was Colonel and Judge Advocate-General of Illinois through the administrations of Governors Hamilton, Oglesby and Fifer; and he was elected a Republican Presidential Elector in 1888. He was elected as a Republican to the Fifty-fourth Congress, receiving 20,896 votes against 12,725 votes for A. J. Barr, Democrat.

Frank S. Black, Congressman-elect from the Nineteenth District of this State, was born in Limington, York County, Me., in 1853. He was educated in the district schools and at Lebanon Academy, West Lebanon, Me., where he fitted for college, and he graduated from Dartmouth in 1875. He moved to New York after graduation, and was for a time editor of the *Johnstown Journal*. In 1877 he settled in Troy, was a reporter on a daily newspaper, and at the same time studied law. He was admitted to the Bar in 1879, and has practiced law ever since. He was the Republican candidate for delegate to the New York Constitutional Convention in 1893, but was defeated.

David Forrest Wilber, Representative from the Twenty-first New York District, was born in Milford, N. Y., in 1859. He is a son of the late David Wilber, a Representative in Congress from the old Twenty-fourth District for several terms. D. F. Wilber was educated in the common school of his native town and at the Cazenovia Seminary, from which institution he was graduated with honor in 1879. In 1880 he removed from Milford to Oneonta, where he now resides, and became engaged with his father in the hop business; continued until the death of the latter in 1890. He has served two terms as Supervisor of his town, being elected each time by handsome majorities; as chairman of the Otsego County Republican Committee for five years; member of the Republican State Committee in 1893; is one of the trustees of Cazenovia Seminary; second vice-president of the Holstein-Friesian Association of America; president of the Cheviot Sheep Breeders' Association of the United States and Canada; late vice-president of the New York State Agricultural Society, and was appointed by Governor Flower in 1894 as one of the members of the Committee on Tuberculosis in Cattle, the term of which commission expired last month on rendering their report to the Legislature. He is the holder of some six thousand five hundred acres of land, and is the largest breeder of Holstein-Friesian cattle in America, his "Crumhorn Herd" being one of the best known, having been exhibited and the winners of numerous prizes at the World's Columbian Exposition and also at the leading Fairs in New York, New Jersey, Georgia and other States.

George N. Southwick, Representative from the Twentieth District of this State, is one of the youngest men ever chosen for the House of Representatives. He was born in Albany in 1863, and comes of a family distinguished in Revolutionary annals. Mr. Southwick was graduated at Williams College in 1884, and shortly afterward entered journalism on the *Albany Morning*

Express. In the Presidential campaign of 1888 he took the stump for Harrison and Morton. In the same year he became managing editor of the *Express*; and from there passed to the editorship of the *Evening Journal*. His tariff editorials soon made him well known. In 1892 he was conspicuous in the campaign, in 1894 he secured the Republican nomination to Congress, and won it because of the marked eloquence and forcible nature of his campaign speeches. The "boy tariff talker" secured a majority of 1,640 votes over his popular antagonist, Congressman Charles Tracey.

THE editor of the London *Star*, in a letter published in the current number of the *Review of Reviews*, gives some interesting views on the subject of the anti-toxin cure for diphtheria. He claims that the advocates of the treatment have so far given no conclusive demonstration whether or not the serum is a practical and effective remedy, and cites cases in which it is known to have brought on other diseases. He contends that in view of the uncertainty of its effects and possible risk to patients, none ought to be submitted to the treatment without their full consent. Another reason for the exercise of caution in using anti-toxin is that there appears to be some doubt as to whether Löffler's bacillus, against which the anti-toxin treatment is directed, is really the originator of diphtheria. Dr. Haussmann says there have been cases of the malady where the bacillus was not present, and that the converse is equally true. A further objection is that the advocates of the anti-toxin treatment have as yet produced no precise evidence of its value, giving the public only some general statements. It is well that both sides of the question should be presented to the public, in order to put them on their guard against possible deception.

FRANCE has given no satisfactory answer to our remonstrance against her exclusion of American cattle from her markets. The best explanation that M. Hanotaux can be made to give is that the protectionists insisted upon protecting French stock-raisers. The tariff war in which France and Germany are now engaged may lead to reprisals; but these are to be avoided if possible. German experts have already been constrained to declare that no disease exists in American cattle sent to Germany's ports; the French may soon find their own doctors also contradicting their statesmen. Let us wait until then before we retaliate.

SLATIN BEY, the Austrian Lieutenant of General Gordon, who has been a captive at Omdurman since 1884, has escaped and returned to civilization.

THE Marquis di Rudini seems inclined to make a bid for return to power as Italian Premier. He recently made a great speech at Palermo, in which he accused Crispi of having assumed powers beyond those conferred upon him by the Constitution.

BELGIAN and Dutch diamond cutters are flocking into Brooklyn in large numbers. They have come here to avoid the payment of duties on cut brilliants.

EXCLUSIVELY FEMININE

PATTERNS FOR HOME DRESS-MAKING.

THERE is one decided advantage about the gown fashionable for the spring, and it is that no matter how many of it you may resolve to add to your wardrobe, the question of how the skirts shall be made need cause you no extra thought. The highest elegance demands that they should be of the one approved pattern, severely plain, fitting smoothly over the hips, widening enormously toward the hem and falling in rich tubular plaits at the back. Silk lining is well-nigh indispensable for any one who aspires to smartness, and an interlining of haircloth is necessary to keep the plaits in position and give the necessary stiffness to the skirt. All this makes the new skirts very expensive, especially if they are made of any of the newest materials, rich, crinkled, silky stuffs, and double weaves in two colors which retail at three dollars a yard. The greatest variety obtains in blouses and bodices; however, so much freedom being allowed in the matter of material and style of decoration that it is nearly impossible to miss producing a stylish effect provided the sleeves be made big enough.

Black crepon is still the rage, and there seems to be no indication of its falling off in favor. It certainly is an admirable foundation on which to build up various superstructures of lace, velvet, chiffon or satin in any colors. The first costume shown is a good example of a fashionable crepon gown. The pattern is in two parts, the skirt and bodice being separate. Any

green perforated velvet made over a lining of pink taffetas silk. The cape is of the full circular shape that fits the shoulders smoothly and falls around the form



6392—LADIES' CAPE

in soft undulating folds. It would be pretty in any of the new season's materials with or without perforations and decorated with lace or jet points insertion, galloon, gimp or ribbon. The collar can be omitted in favor of a wide double ruching of crinoline; canvas or haircloth must be provided if the stand-out effect is desired. Cloth and velvet are cut from the pattern and perforated to order, as pinking, etc., is done. Some ladies embroider or work the edges and perforations in buttonhole stitch with silk, producing capital results. A cape of black broadcloth was thus embroidered with black silk and lined with yellow satin, a wide ruching of black chiffon decorated with yellow cowslips giving a dainty and modish finish to the neck. Pattern 6392 is cut in six sizes: viz., 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

Short coats are among the most decided of the spring novelties. They are designed, most probably, with a view of showing off the new skirts to advantage. The Duchess of York Coat shown in 6316 is one of the newest London models and bears the name of the favorite English Duchess. The material of which it is built is English cheviot in mixed tones of brown and gray, to match the skirt. The coat is perfectly tight-fitting with single bust darts in the front under-arm and side back gores, which end in stylish coat laps; a single button marks each side of the curving centre back seam that finishes in broad laps below the waistline. The fronts close in the centre with buttons and buttonholes, the upper portions being reversed to form graceful revers that meet the rolling collar in notches. The full cut of the basque portion produces the wavy ripples over the hips, that distinguish the latest mode. Bouffant sleeves in gigot style fit smoothly below the elbow, all the edges being plainly finished. Lining or merely facings of



6316.—DUCHESS OF YORK COAT.

pretty colored silk give a smart finish to coats in this style. Tweed, covert cloth, whipcord or serge will make stylish coats. Pattern 6316 is cut in five sizes: viz., 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

Another smart little Jacket is shown in No. 6344. This stylish basque-shaped coat is built of mixed gray cheviot handsomely decorated in military style with black silk fancy braid. The vest front is of satin brocade in gray and gold tones, small gilt buttons closing it to the neck in the centre front. The jacket fronts, which are inserted with the vest at the under-arm and shoulder seams, hang loose-fitting from the bust over the vest that is

closely adjusted with single bust darts. The seamless back is smoothly drawn over lining portions fitted with the usual side gores and curving centre seam. A stylish rolling collar meets the jacket lapels in notches, a standing curate collar finishing the neck of the vest portion. Leg-o-mutton sleeves, very full at the top, droop fashionably to the elbow, flaring cuffs edged with braid finishing the wrists. This pattern can be made up with or without the vest front to wear with shirt-waists or independent vests. It will be found a good model for duck,



6344.—LADIES' JACKET BASQUE.

Madras and Teviot suitings, pique, linen and other stylish wash fabrics that will be popular in the rapidly advancing season. All styles of wool serge, cheviot, tweed, vicuna cloth, etc., will make up well by this pattern, which is cut in five sizes: viz., 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

A neat House-Gown, susceptible, if desired, of much more elaborate trimming, is shown in the accompanying cut, the pattern consisting of two parts—the corsage, No. 6345, and the Paquin skirt, No. 6323. The combination is striking, intro-

6345.—LADIES' CORSAGE.
6323.—PAQUIN SKIRT.

ducing a new weave of cloth in light and dark-brown shades for skirt and bodice, while the yoke, stole front, bows that

decorate the front, and sleeves are of rich satin in the new shade of green called "Latania." This design combines the modified stole and high corselet effects now in vogue, the closing being invisible in the centre front under the stole. Two very handsome Rhinestone buttons decorate each front. This style counts as one of the many new designs in the large variety now worn, bearing the name of the Parisian artist who introduced the mode. The shaping is of the circular variety, and fits smoothly in front and over the hips, the top edge being held easy when sewed to the belt. The lower portion presents the undulating ripples now fashionable, while the back falls in full godet or organ-pipe folds from backward-turning plaits at the top. A deep underfacing of canvas, grass or haircloth is generally used around the front and sides, while the back is lined throughout with the same fabric. Some prefer a stiff interlining throughout all the skirt, supplemented by a lining of taffeta or cambric. The corsage pattern, 6345, is cut in five sizes: viz., 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure; and the skirt, 6323, is cut in five sizes: viz., 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure.

A very neat, serviceable and becoming bodice for a schoolgirl is shown in the Misses' Yoke Waist, No. 6361. French plaid in mixed brown, blue, cream and yellow is the material used, set off with collar, cuffs and crush belt of old blue velvet. The yoke fits smoothly over the shoulders, the full front and back por-



6361—MISSES' YOKE WAIST

tions being gathered at the upper edges and arranged in becoming fullness on the lower edges of the yoke. A stylish box-plait runs the whole length of the front, buttonholes being worked in the centre to accommodate the gold studs or buttons used in closing. A rolling collar of velvet finishes the neck, a sailor knot of yellow and blue changeable silk appearing from under its parted front edges. Full sleeves in the latest mode droop from the shoulders, the fitting lower portions being finished at the wrists with cuffs of velvet. A crush belt of velvet encircles the waist, closing under a windmill bow of the same at the left side. This design is well adapted to the cotton wash fabrics now under consideration for misses' summer waists, such as percale, gingham, chambray, cambric, lawn, sateen, and batiste. All kinds of wash silks are also suitable material for making up this kind of blouse. Pattern 6361 is cut in four sizes: viz., 10, 12, 14 and 16 years.

Wives of great men oft remind us,
Marriage does not always pay!
And the girl we left behind us
Might have been as bad as they.

summer gown would look well made in this way. The full waist is gathered front and back in four parallel rows of shirring at the lower edge. This is arranged over a glove-fitted body-lining, shaped with the usual double darts and other seams necessary to a perfect adjustment. The crush collar is arranged over a fitted foundation. The linings of the puff sleeves render them particularly graceful and extremely comfortable, folds of the plain silk at the wrists giving a neat finish. The lace jabots can be omitted from the waist if a less fanciful arrangement is preferred, or can be made detachable. The skirt has the popular organ-pipe folds in the back, the gored front making it extremely graceful and becoming to all figures. The Waist pattern, 6390, may be had in five sizes: namely, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. The Skirt pattern, 6299, is also cut in five sizes: namely, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure.

By request, the Cape pattern published in an earlier issue is here repeated. It is no wonder there is a great demand for it, as it exactly fills the want every woman feels at this season of a dainty wrap for the spring. The model from which the accompanying cut is made was of dark-

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